National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

VICTOR HUGO ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

WE (*Washington Union*) copy from the *Journal of Commerce* the following excellent paper, and commend it to the careful attention of our readers. We are happy to see such sentiments finding utterance and gaining ground at the North:

It will be recollected that some months ago, Mrs. Chapman—a noted Abolitionist—wrote a letter to Victor Hugo, the celebrated French poet and novelist, asking his opinion in regard to American Slavery, &c. M. Hugo answered her letter, and both epistles have been published in this country. In this morning's paper we publish a letter by John H. Latrobe, Esq., of Baltimore, replying to the arguments of Victor Hugo. We ask for this letter an attentive perusal, and we are confident that it will have a very general circulation throughout the country. Mr. Latrobe is one of the ablest lawyers in the country, and enjoys a distinguished reputation as a profound thinker, a cogent jurist, and a powerful advocate. He is President of the Maryland Colonisation Society; and, although living in a slave State, no man possesses more humane feelings towards slaves than Mr. Latrobe.

In this letter, in our opinion, he has entirely demolished all the sophistry and romance of Victor Hugo's letter; and that was about all it contained, although it is ingeniously written—which, together with Hugo's reputation as a popular poet and novelist, is calculated to give it a popularity in certain sections of the country which it would not otherwise have.

Mr. Latrobe's argument is sound and unanswerable, and his views are the only correct ones relative to these important questions. His letter, we have no doubt, will accomplish much good, and it affords us a great deal of pleasure to lay it before our readers for the first time.—*Newport (R. I.) Times.*

Letter from J. H. B. Latrobe, Esq.

OCEAN HOUSE, NEWPORT, (R. I.,) Aug. 20, 1851.

DEAR SIR:—The following is, probably, the substance of my remarks during my conversation yesterday with Mr. J. W. Coleman and yourself, with Victor Hugo's letter to Mrs. Chapman, of July 6, 1851, on the subject of Slavery in the United States, before us. I shall commit them to paper at your request.

The letter of M. Hugo is characteristic. It has been translated, so as to do justice to the terse and epigrammatic style of the author. Argument it does not pretend to; and, while you feel that it is calculated to produce wrong impressions, and obtain an influence to which it is not entitled, it is difficult to find any salient point on which to hang the true view of the subject.

The best way, perhaps, will be to consider the letter as the expression of a strong sympathy, on the part of the writer, in the labours of a lady engaged in promoting the Cause of Anti-Slavery, or, to use a more accurate definition, modern Abolition, in the United States. Indeed, Victor Hugo begins by saying that he has been desired "to lift up his voice;" and so he does.

Victor Hugo says that he agrees with Mrs. Chapman in thinking that "within a time not distant the United States will repudiate Slavery with horror." It is not unreasonable to suppose, therefore, that he would be glad to have the repudiation take place at once.

Let us suppose now that his expectations were realized. The country would then present the spectacle of two free races, of different colours, with equal rights as citizens under the law.

But there would be some things which the law could not give. It could give political, but not social position. It could empower the emancipated slaves to hold property and to vote, which has been already done in some of the States; but it could not remove the prejudice which the white people entertain against their race. It could not change those physical characteristics which affect association with them, either as regards their appearance or otherwise. It could not induce fathers to give their daughters to them in marriage, or reconcile the daughters so receive them as husbands. Nor would this impotency of the law be of present duration only. As I already said, some of the States have done for the negro race all that legislation could effect—and this, too, generations since. But nowhere do we hear of any general change, or any prospect of such a change, as would better their social condition in any of the particulars we have mentioned.

We may fairly assume, then, that the emancipation of the whole slave population of the United States, at once or gradually, would present the spectacle of two free and distinct races, whose difference of colour was an inseparable barrier to their amalgamation by intermarriage now or within any probable period of the future. Whether the emancipation of the slaves, which would prevent colour from being the badge of servitude, would tend to promote intermarriage, and the gradual absorption, in many generations, of one race into the other, must of course be a matter of speculation. That those intermarriages are now repugnant to the general feeling of our entire country is a fact, and as such may be dealt with. The future is a conjecture wholly, about which one man's opinion may be entitled to as much consideration as another's. But we may fairly suppose that the white generations which have seen Slavery must first die out before the prejudices originating from that condition can be obliterated.

This point is dwelt upon because of its importance. It lies at the root of the questions involved. If emancipation, present and gradual, is to produce amalgamation between the white and black races of the United States, as they will then stand related and affected towards each other, we give up the case. A belief to this effect is the only apology for modern Abolition.

But we do not believe so, and repeat again that the two races, in each event, would remain separate and distinct, while they continued to occupy the same land. On the truth of this position our argument rests. Of this each one must judge for himself. The reasons of the faith are inferences drawn from existing facts.

Having made the whole coloured race free, it is not to be supposed that Victor Hugo's sympathy with what he calls "the august cause of Slavery"* would cease. On the contrary, a natural curiosity would interest him in the subsequent condition of the newmade free man. It might have been well, perhaps, if Victor Hugo, before expressing the strong opinions of his letter of the 6th July, had considered what would be the condition of the emancipated slave. He does not appear, from anything his letter contains, to have done so.

Had Victor Hugo reflected, he would have found that all history teaches but one lesson on that point; which is, *that two races which cannot amalgamate by intermarriage can exist in the same land only in the relation of master and slave; or, if both are nominally free, in that of the oppressor and the oppressed.*

The instances are striking and numerous. The Moor, superior in learning to the Spaniard, but not amalgamating with him, was expelled the land or remained as an ill-treated inferior. The Saxons and the Normans were in continual strife, until intermarriages amalgamated them as one people. Our own country, in its Indian history, presents another instance of the truth of this dogma. In Mexico the Spaniards and the Indians amalgamated and formed one people; but what people! In the old United States it is true that some of the best blood of the land—noble in spirit, steady in purpose, and brilliant in talent—flows down from an Indian maternal ancestry to the present day; but yet the Indian in our country will soon be a memory only. There was an experience, therefore, to which Victor Hugo might have referred touching future probabilities, should modern Abolition, whose advocate he is, be triumphant in the end. It is, perhaps, a pity that he did not push his inquiries further. An indifferent cause, we think, would have lost the weight of a great name, but humanity might have been none the worse off on that account.

Nor is history, in this respect, without the confirmation of every day's experience in our own country.

In the city of New York, where the negro may be a voter, he is not permitted to drive a dray or a cart. I am not aware whether this is by law, or is the effect of a combination among white competitors; but the inference is the same in either case. In Philadelphia he has again and again been made the subject of attack by an infuriated populace. In Cincinnati, to protect him from such attack, it has been necessary to parade cannon in the streets. Boston and Hartford have both witnessed scenes of violence where the negro was the victim. And yet all these cities are in free States, where the negro has enjoyed for years nearly, or quite, all the rights which law could give him. What hope is there of a different future for the black man in these respects? What prospect is there of a present change for the benefit either of those now free or the whole race, should a general emancipation take place? None under the canopy of Heaven! A more barren present, a more hopeless future, than that of the free coloured people of the United States cannot exist. America is the white man's home, and his exclusively. God hath so appointed it.

During the year 1850, the total immigration to the United States from all foreign countries can hardly have been less than 400,000 persons—persons of a class that at once enter into competition with the black man in all the avenues of labour, and in most of them drive them to the wall. In Baltimore, my home, ten years since, the shipping at Fell's Point was loaded by free coloured stevedores. The labour at the coal yards was free coloured labour. In the rural districts around Baltimore—the principal city of a slave State—free coloured labourers, ten years since, got in the harvest, worked the mine banks, made the fences, and, indeed, supplied generally all agricultural wants in this respect. Now all this is changed: the white man stands in the black man's shoes, or else is fast getting into them. And where fifteen years ago nearly all the signs above shopdoors on Fell's Point showed English names, now two-thirds of them are German—a fact of notoriety and almost daily comment.

In Cincinnati, the labour that used to be performed by free blacks in the great hog establishments is now performed by white men; and, as Mr. Coleman well knows, the firemen are now whites, where they used to be free coloured men. Instances of this sort, where the white man has driven the black man to the wall might be multiplied indefinitely.

Now, this state of things exists at a time when there is a mighty drain upon the Atlantic border for labourers to supply the vast country lying between the crests of the Alleghany and the shores of the Pacific. But this drain cannot last forever; and when it ceases, should the two races, which we have shown must ever remain distinct, still occupy the land, there will be a strife for bread, fearful and murderous—a strife to be described in all its horrors by some future Victor Hugo, should talent be perpetuated for the occasion—a strife in which the fate of the weaker and coloured race may be terribly imagined—a strife which would have been furnished with a prototype in Ireland, had its population in 1847 been divided into white and black, in the same proportions as they exist in this country, and entertaining the same feelings towards each other that prevail here, and two men of different colour had been required to divide between them the loaf not sufficient to satisfy the craving appetite of one starving wretch.

Enough has been said, it is thought, in regard to the probable condition of things in this country should Mrs. Chapman's labours and Victor Hugo's uplifted voice succeed in accomplishing the purposes of modern abolition. Nor, if this is truth in present fact and plain and palpable inferences therefrom, can the result be obviated, unless by the amalgamation of the white and coloured races of our country by intermarriages between them—a thing which many of those shouting louder even than Victor Hugo would recoil from in disgust. Whether this disgust is a prejudice or an instinct, it is not necessary to inquire; we speak of it as a fact.

The probable condition of the two races, supposing both free, has been inferred from the actual present condition of the two when only a part of one of them is free. The slave is protected and provided for by his master; the free black is left to shift for himself, and it is upon him that the agencies we have been describing operate. Still, emancipations, by families and of individuals, are constantly taking place; and this and the natural increase of the free blacks would seem, wholly irrespective of modern abolition, to be bringing us near to the time when there must be a strife between the whites and the free blacks, if they persist in remaining together.

Apart, then, from Victor Hugo's letter, which is answered by showing, from existing facts and fair inferences, the condition to which the scheme in which his voice has been "lifted up" would reduce the objects of his bounty, it becomes important to inquire how the evils of a state of things to be anticipated, at any rate, can best be obviated.

The nature of the evil suggests the character of the remedy. If the two races cannot live together except in the relations we have referred to, they must separate. The colonisation of the free negroes, and of such slaves as may be emancipated from time to time, is, in other words, the only remedy.

When, from any cause, a family or a nation ceases to live in harmony, separation or colonisation, if you please, is, and ever has been, the remedy. All colonisations, too, have been alike, with some differences in the impelling motive; but, leaving out of view the penal colonies of different countries, and some pauper emigrants from Europe to the United States, the colonists have left their old homes to better their condition *at their own cost*; and of this character must be the colonisation of the free coloured people of the United States. They must go for their own good, and they must ultimately pay their own expenses. As a class, they are better able to do so than the Irish and German emigrants who come in ship-loads to America. They have, when destitute, generally more friends to help than these have. The country to which they must emigrate has been designated, not by the societies who have established colonies there, but by our common Maker. *It is the only country in the world where the white man can not live*; and fever and death will protect the black emigrant in Africa, as with a wall of flame, from being followed by his old competitors in search of the golden sands which are brought down by the Niger and the Cavally, as well as by the Sacramento and the San Joaquin.

All that colonisation has been able to do—speaking now of colonisation as understood in this country—all that it was required to do—all that it can ever be called upon to do—has been to prove the practicability of establishing colonies of free coloured persons from the United States capable of self-government, self-defence, and self-support upon the coast of Africa. That this has been done, the republic of Liberia is the proof. Having done this, the colonisation societies are *functus officio*, looking to their great object. Circumstances must do the rest—circumstances advancing beyond all power of control with the crushing force of an avalanche, but, unlike an avalanche, slowly and with due warning, so that they who perish before them will be the authors of their own destruction. What these circumstances are we have already indicated in speaking of the two races in this country, and the hopelessness of any change until their separation shall take place. The finger of the Almighty is apparent in the whole work. A nation is not to be transplanted like an apple tree. The black man's heart, enlarged in a sphere of real freedom, or dwarfed in the atmosphere which he breathes when his freedom is but a name, is still a human heart, endowed with the purest susceptibilities, capable of the highest improvement, as Liberia has already proved, clinging to the *natale solum* with vast tenacity—more so even than the white man feels—and the black man cannot, therefore, be expected to remove from familiar faces and familiar places without a clinging hold, yielding only to the sternest circumstances. Colonisation, therefore, must be a slow work. But there is ample time forit. The West, even unto the Pacific, is to be filled up; space for years, for white and black, will be left for them to move in without more than jostling; and the desire to emigrate, thus slowly formed, will keep pace with the increasing native and immigrant population of our country, with the growing commerce that is to furnish the means of a voluntary and self-paying colonisation, with the capacity of the colonies to receive immigrants, and with the gradually enlarging intelligence among the free coloured population, making them more and more fit to be the earliest citizens of the new republic. Had colonisation gone forward faster than it has done, it would have smothered itself at Monrovia and Cape Palmas; and no more would have, at this time, been heard of it. But against the wishes of its friends—against their best endeavours—it has been kept back, until, each succeeding ship-load of emigrants having had time to establish themselves, the result has been the present well-ordered governments on the coast of Africa.

I have here dwelt upon, as a distinct proposition, the effect of circumstances, as they exist in this country, in producing a conviction on the minds of the free coloured people that this is not to be their abiding-place. I will venture to mention to you one or two cases within my own recent personal experience as illustrative of my opinion.

Within two months, a coloured clergyman of the Methodist church called on me, as president of the Maryland Colonisation Society, for some information connected with the society's affairs. He had at one time, years since, seceded from the religious society to which he belonged, and was enabled through his activity and popularity to build up a church for himself. The cause of his secession was the stand which the Methodist Episcopal Church had taken in favour of the scheme of colonisation, to which the person alluded to was then bitterly opposed. He was a well-informed man on general subjects, and had been practising physic with success, among his own colour, for several years. After his business was concluded, I asked him to tell me frankly why he was going to Africa, not only with his own family, but with some fifty or sixty of his friends who proposed to accompany him. His answer, as nearly as I can recollect in words, was this: "My practice as a physician has been gradually increasing from year to year, and is now larger than it ever was. My patients are generally the same individuals. My popularity, as far as I can judge, is unimpaired; but my income has been growing less and less, and is now less than it ever was. My wife and myself have been struck with this, of course, and for a year or two have been discussing the cause of it, and have come to the conclusion—indeed, sir, we had no other to come to—that the ability to pay me diminished as the condition of my patients grew worse and worse in pecuniary matters. They get less money than they used to get; white men were getting into places which they used to fill. Others of my friends with whom I consulted had come to the same conclusion; we saw no chance of things getting better; and therefore we are going to Africa, while there is a society ready and willing to pay our expenses, and before the times grow darker than they are."

Another coloured man—a dryman of more than ordinary intelligence, doing well, earning enough money for his support, and able to lay by something—gave me as *his* reason for going, that the Irish and Germans were getting into his business; that the old feeling among the whites, which had induced them to employ coloured men by preference, no longer existed; that every year made matters worse; and that, seeing this, he determined to emigrate while he was still young enough to do something in his new home.

I run the risk of wearying you with these anecdotes; but, falling within my own knowledge, they are to me corroboration strong of the views which are here expressed in regard to the imperious effect of the circumstances I have referred to.

But it may be said that, admitting all this, the Colonisation Society is wholly incompetent to the end it aims at. Now, a good deal depends upon what that aim is. If it is to remove the entire free coloured population of the United States with means to be obtained from legislatures and individuals, then colonisation is a drop in the bucket, and not worth prosecuting as a political undertaking. It will do then as a missionary scheme will help in the suppression of the slave trade, but will do nothing more. This is most freely granted. But if its aim is, or has been, to establish such a colony as the republic of Liberia, which, growing in prosperity year after year, shall gradually become as attractive to the free coloured man as the United States is to the foreign immigrant—emigration to which will be promoted, not merely by its attractiveness, but by circumstances in this country rapidly accumulating, and forcing the conviction on the free black man's mind that the day will come when there will be no alternative but extirpation or removal—then I say, as I do say in the firm belief impressed on my mind by a close attention to the subject for near thirty years, that colonisation has already fulfilled its great mission; that it exists now only to facilitate what nothing can prevent; that the day and the hour are at hand when the exodus must take place—not perhaps in this year or the next, in this generation or in that of our children, but soon, very soon, looking to the periods which measure the histories of the world and the nations thereof.

The annual increase of the whole coloured population of the United States, slave and free, was ten years ago some fifty-five thousand. The result of the last census I have not yet learned. The white immigration of the present year will be perhaps half a million. Did the same commerce exist between this country and Africa that crowds this immigration upon our shores from Europe, an emigration to Africa equal in numbers would, of course, release us from the whole coloured population in a very few years, if all were then permitted to leave America. There is not such a commerce, however; but there is a commerce with Africa which is increasing with a rapidity surpassing anything known in commercial history, if we except the trade of San Francisco; and the ratio of its increase is yearly becoming greater. It already far surpasses the commerce of the colonies of this country when they were as old as the colonies on the coast of Africa—far surpasses it. It must grow; it cannot be stopped. A mighty continent—a quarter of the habitable globe, filled with a teeming population—is still to be supplied with all that civilization can produce—a population which, instead of perishing as the new-comers press upon them, are of the same blood and lineage, and must unite with them as one people. England has long appreciated Africa's capacity to absorb manufactures, as her sands absorb the dews. Hence her attempts to penetrate into the interior by her expeditions which she has sent up the Niger—hence the costly establishments maintained by her on the coast. But the interior of Africa can be reached for commercial purposes but in one way, and that is through colonies of free coloured people from the United States established along the coast. Colonies of *white* men will not do, because they become charnel-houses. Colonies of recaptured Africans will not do, as has been shown at Sierra Leone, because they want the civilization necessary to make them the agents of civilization in its relations with commerce; but the free coloured man from America can live: for he is in the clime of his ancestors, and, being fully civilized, and Christian too, he is the agent, *and the only agent that the world contains*, adapted to the purpose. He has already proved his efficiency.

In no aspect of colonisation has it more interesting relations than in its commercial aspect. The strife now among the great of the old nations, England at their head—England first and especially—is the opening of new markets; and in this all mankind is interested—the manufacturers and the consumers directly; indirectly all those who are relieved, as we in America must be, when the over-production of the English manufactories finds it way into new countries, and no longer creates a glut to the ruin of all parties in our own.

Just at the time when this over-production in relation to existing markets is taking place, and all the sufferings consequent upon a stagnant trade afflict the manufacturing countries of the world, colonisation comes into existence; being able, alone able, to throw open a world to be filled with the products of civilization, and competent to build up the commerce which is to do for Africa, in the way of emigration from this country, what commerce is doing for Ireland, and indeed all Europe, in transporting their people to our shores. The wants of Africa, her demand for civilization and its products, will build the bridge of boats which shall make the Atlantic a great highway between the two countries, crowded with those whom circumstances will not suffer to remain here, and whose exodus will in this manner be facilitated.

Nor will this be the only effect of a state of things as certain to happen as the coming of to-morrow. Along with commerce will religion go—that Gospel which Victor Hugo, with the confidence of prophecy, says we must "renounce unless Slavery is renounced." Strange, too, that he should have overlooked the fact, when he must have known that with Slavery in existence in America for upwards of two hundred years, the Gospel has been preserved here in a purity and power, through wars and tumults, which, unless universal report is wofully at fault, France herself might envy. Yes, the Gospel will be introduced into Africa—not the gospel of sects, but the Gospel of our Saviour—each Christian man being at liberty to worship his Creator in freedom as his conscience may direct him. Victor Hugo may then be willing to admit that if Slavery has been driven in Turkey "from the hearth of Omar"—where it has left Mahometanism behind it, by the way—it has been permitted to exist "at the hearth of Franklin," by Him whose ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts, in order that a nation of missionaries might be formed, through whose agency the prophecy should be realized, which promises that Ethiopia shall lift up her hands unto God.

There is one paragraph in Victor Hugo's letter that we adopt most cordially, and we copy it entire:

"There is an inflexible logic which develops more or less slowly, which fashions, which reduces according to a mysterious plan, perceptible only to great spirits, the facts, the men, the laws, the morals, and the people; or, better, under all human things, there are things divine."

Exactly so. But whether Mrs. Chapman or Victor Hugo are influenced by the sub-divinity here referred to may be questionable. One thing is certain: that the republic of Liberia and the colony of Cape Palmas have been founded, and enjoy at this time an honourable and prosperous existence, by emigrants, the mass of whom were ignorant and unlettered, and whose unparalleled success in the history of the world can be attributed to nothing but the protection of the Builder-up and Puller-down of earthly kingdoms. The people who have done this are the only agents through whom, as already said, commerce can penetrate Africa—the only missionaries who, in the Providence of God, can live there: they afford the only efficient means of suppressing the slave trade, which, having accomplished the purpose for which Divine Wisdom permitted it, is to be put down by the children of those whose fathers it brought from Africa, that their children might be fitted to extirpate it when its end was answered.

The ways of Providence are mysterious; but we think the divine agency which controls is rather more apparent in the success of the colonies than it has been in the success which has attended the Anti-Slavery and Abolition Societies from their birth to the present day; nor do we believe that there is anything "perceptible only to great spirits," which either Victor Hugo or Mrs. Chapman have seen, to prevent our looking to the success thus far of African colonisation, as more likely to be the result of divine intelligence than the schemes which these two persons advocate.

The practical effect of modern Abolition thus far has been to disturb the glorious harmony of a happy people, threatening to place brother in armed array against brother, while at the same time all the friendly and affectionate relations existing between the whites and the free blacks have been prematurely destroyed, the bonds of the slave have been tightened and his privileges curtailed, so that the acts of these pretended friends have in their results been a curse to both of them. Whether this ought to be so—whether benevolence, because it is ignorant, should be tolerated and respected, when its course is mischievous and its practical working destructive—whether the master of the slaves should praise and thank him who excited them to rise and break their chains over his head—that is, to murder him and his—whether, were the world better ordered, this should not be so, is what we do not propose to argue. Taking the world as we find it, we rely on the facts we know, rather than the speculations of a French poet and novelist—and a great poet and novelist too—even when he raises his voice at the instigation of an American lady, who we think might have found advisers who knew more about the subject in her own country, than the gentleman whose "upliftings" we refer to.

This letter, my dear sir, is a very long one. But the subject is *the* great subject of the day, and is inexhaustible. I have endeavoured to sustain the following proposition:

1. That the two races of white and black in the United States must forever remain separate and distinct while they continue in the same land, whether all the blacks are free or only a portion of them.

2. That the necessary consequence of this state of things, as illustrated by the present and in accordance with all history, must be that the weaker of the two races must, directly or indirectly, be oppressed—the extent of the oppression being in proportion to the occasions of collisions between the two in competition for employment.

3. That another necessary consequence of this state of things is, that the two races must separate, in this as in all other similar occasions; or, in other words, there must be a colonisation, which may be facilitated by aid in the commencement, but which must ultimately be a self-paying colonisation, the emigrants paying their own expenses.

4. That the existing circumstances already press upon the free coloured man the necessity of emigration, and that he is beginning to appreciate its importance; that these circumstances, growing mainly out of the vast increase of our white population by native birth and foreign immigration, are accumulating beyond all control, and will ultimately leave the free coloured man no alternative but emigration.

5. That Africa is the place for which he is destined, and that the colonies planted there—now the Republic of Liberia—are to be his ultimate home; that in Africa alone can he escape the white man's power, while the latter will be dependent upon him for the missionary and commercial agencies here referred to.

6. That while the present means for emigration may be supplied by individual or other aid, yet the commerce which is rapidly growing up between Africa and this country will in a brief time—looking to the ends to be obtained—furnish facilities for the same emigration from America to Africa that is now taking place between Europe and this continent—an emigration which would soon relieve the United States from its entire free coloured population, and towards which, where the Irishman or German has one motive, the free black man has ten.

In these propositions is involved the answer, of course, not to the argument of Victor Hugo—for his letter is declamation only—but to those who favour modern Abolition as a means of benefiting the blacks. It is not my purpose to discuss the subject of Slavery in the abstract. It is an existing institution, guarantied by the fundamental law under which we live. Men may think what they please of it, but we have no right to interfere with it. If the question was put, whether the United States would not be better off with a homogeneous population of white men than it now is, the majority would probably be found to reply in the affirmative. To this extent, then, the generalities of Victor Hugo might be accepted as truisms, pleasantly and poetically expressed. But when, first and foremost, if you please, the result of the Abolition movement is a curse to the objects of it—when it wages war against existing rights, already guarantied by fundamental law—when it threatens to dissolve a Union like ours, it is the duty of good men and true to stand up against it, even when its cause is sought to be promoted by the epistolary eloquence of an American lady, and the "uplifted" voice of a French poet. Anti-Slavery, a false friend to the coloured race, because of its own ignorance, seeks for freedom through emancipation, *without reference to results*. The friends of the coloured race, *looking at consequences*, [illegible] under them in their action, and, believing that the two races to be happy must be separated, advocated colonisation.

In thus complying, at so great a length, with the request of Mr. Coleman and yourself, I have been very probably far more diffuse than was necessary. My prolixity must be taken as an evidence of a desire to gratify your wishes, on the part of, dear sir, yours, very truly and respectfully,

JOHN H. B. LATROBE.

THOS. SUFFERN, Esq. Ocean House.

* We presume that this must be a mistake in the translation, the original reading probably "*de l'esclave*"—of the slave.

Selections.

EMIGRATION TO THE WEST INDIES FROM CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE friends of the African race in this city have lately had their attention called to this important subject. The movement came from the Rev. Mr. Oughton, a Baptist Minister, in Kingston, Jamaica, who lately visited various places on this continent, with a view to encourage the emigration of coloured people to that Island. This gentlemen held communication with several members of the Anti-Slavery Committee here. Soon after an application came from his Excellency the Governor General, through the Provincial Secretary, to ascertain whether there existed among the coloured people in Canada a desire to emigrate to the West Indies, particularly to Trinidad, where the demand for labourers is said to be great. The Anti-Slavery Committee sent the following reply to the communication:

Toronto, August 25, 1851.

SIR,—We have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th instant to Mr. Andrew Hamilton, Treasurer of the Anti-Slavery Society of Canada, referring to a communication by you to Rev. Dr. Willis of that Society, in which you mention that his Excellency the Governor General is desirous of obtaining information as to whether there exists a disposition on the part of the people of colour in the British North American Provinces to emigrate to the West Indies; and also as to their capacity to perform the agricultural labour, which will there be required of them.

A meeting of the Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society was in consequence immediately called, and full consideration given to the subject, both on account of the distinguished source from which the application proceeded, and the great importance of the subject itself. The Committee unanimously authorized us to express the views which we have now the honour to submit, for the consideration of his Excellency the Governor General.

We are not aware that there is any disposition on the part of the coloured population in Canada to emigrate to the West Indies. We have had much intercourse with them, both before and since the Fugitive Slave Bill was passed, and neither among the old residents, two of whom are members of our Committee, nor among the refugees have we ever heard of any desire whatever to leave this country, and go to the West Indies. We have carefully examined the most authentic and recent accounts of the prospects which coloured men would have in making that change, and can see nothing which holds out to them the least encouragement to do so. The average wages of agricultural labourers in Jamica do not exceed one shilling sterling per day, and in none of the West India Islands do they exceed one shilling and three pence, and frequently only six pence; while in some of the smaller islands wages are reduced to the miserable pittance of four pence per day. Making every allowance for the saving in expense from less clothing being required in the West Indies, and for the inconvenience sustained by some of the coloured people during the winter months in Canada, the large wages which are paid in this country, securing a proportionate amount of comfort, seem to render it desirable for them to remain in Canada. They are, generally speaking, a sober, peaceable, unobtrusive people; and considering the immense disadvantages to which they had been forcibly subjected, they are generally admirable for the independent manner in which they sustain themselves, without being a burden to the public. Very few, if any have ever been on sugar plantations; and of course, know nothing of the labour needed thereon.

Having thus answered the inquiries his Excellency has done us the honour to make, we would respectfully take the opportunity to make some remarks on the apparently changed policy of the Home Government, and some of the Colonial governments in the Islands, in their dealings with the coloured population. The liberated slaves captured by our people and landed in the British West Indies, seem to have experienced recently much neglect, and even ill-usage in many places, more especially in Trinidad. Forced terms of servitude for long periods, separation of families, and refusals to implement the terms of agreement, and a denial of enquiry into these mal practices, seem to be the distinguishing characteristics of the present system in some of the Islands. We have also read with sincere regret the memorandum of Mr Hawes, the Under Colonial Secretary, addressed to David Turnbull, Esq., and dated 14th of August, 1850. In that document it is proposed to induce the black and coloured population of the United States to emigrate in large numbers to the West Indies. It is stated that in the most northern of the Slave States, the coloured population is becoming "inconveniently numerous in proportion to the whites," and that it might thus find an outlet. This outlet, as far as regards the free part of the population, is open at all times, and if sufficient inducements can be offered, many will, doubtless, make the change. But it does not seem likely that those who are settled in the United States will voluntarily leave the country of their birth, where high wages are paid, and accept of a third or fourth of the amount in a foreign land. It has been a favourite project with the American Colonisation society to escape from the "inconvenience" of a free coloured population by drafting them into other places. There, freemen constantly remind the slaves in their neighbourhood of their degraded state, and they are a main channel in aiding their escape from bondage. If the freemen were once removed, the chains of the slave would be rivetted for ages.—Virginia lately held a convention for a change in her constitution, and the delegates passed a law that after a twelvemonth, every free coloured man found in the State will be sold for a slave. These oppressed people, numbering about fifty thousand, will be thrown in upon the free States, which will be a fresh stimulus to the philantrophists there in their exertions for the entire destruction of Slavery. We cannot believe that it can be the serious intention of the British Government to aid in the removal of an "inconvenience" which promises to bring about this much desired consummation. Mr. Hawes' Memorandum contemplates the removal from Virginia and Maryland of the whole gangs of negroes, with their proprietors at their head, and the sale of much West Indian property to American planters. It further proposes that regulations applicable to free men removed at the expense of the colonies shall be made by which they shall enter on a servitude of five years in the British settlement, and give deductions from their wages to meet the views of their employers. It proposes that stringent engagements for future service should be entered into by the slaves before leaving the United States, although no obligation contracted under the compulsion of Slavery, could be justly binding. It is proposed to levy 2s. a week from the small wages now paid in the West Indies, for the benefit of their proprietors, and for an undefined period, as the purchase money of their freedom. Such proposals seem altogether at variance with the spirit of the Emancipation Act and likely to lead to no other result, than the establishment of a new species of Slavery or Serfdom in the British dominions, for the benefit of American slaveholders. If the planters of the Southern States should ever emigrate in considerable numbers to the West India Islands, it must be with the view of reintroducing Slavery, and finally of effecting the separation of the Islands from the British Crown, and their transferance to the American Republic. It cannot be expected, that they who reestablished Slavery in Texas, and who laboured hard to inflict the same iniquitous system on Mexico, and who are now moving every element to gain possession of Cuba in order to perpetuate Slavery there, and through its acquisition to perpetuate it in their own country—it cannot be expected that they will ever enter cordially into the support of free institutions in any part of the British Dominions. In submitting these observations to the consideration of his Excellency the Governor General, we are actuated by a desire to promote the best interests of the coloured race, and the most speedy extinction of American Slavery. We feel deeply anxious that nothing should occur to retard the course of justice and reparation, on which the British Government has long entered, on behalf of the afflicted sons of Africa, a career still continued with such happy results in the suppression of the slave trade, under the auspices of Lord Palmerston. We could not conceive of a deeper injury to the cause of justice and humanity in the civilized world, than a change of policy in regard to the African race—a policy which has cast lustre on the British name, and which is the most brilliant page in the eventful history of our beloved country. We enclose the documents sent for your inspection; and have the honour to remain,

Sir, your obedient servants,

PETER BROWN, *Chairman*,
ANDREW HAMILTON, *Treasurer, A. S. S. C.*

The Hon. J. LESLIE, *Provincial Sec.*
Toronto.

A few days ago, this interesting subject was again revived in consequence of the appearance here of W. W. Anderson, Esq., a delegate from Jamaica, and of John Scoble, Esq., Secretary of the London Anti-Slavery Society, and the long-tried and zealous friend of the oppressed Africans. Both these gentlemen publicly addressed a meeting of coloured people on Friday last. We regretted much not having a Report of Mr. Scoble's able and eloquent speech, and could only give a sketch of what fell from Mr. Anderson. Several meetings were since held by the Anti-Slavery Committee, with these gentlemen, and much valuable information received. From the statements made by Mr. Anderson, a gentleman of well-known probity and high character, the Committee were led to some extent to modify their opinion in regard to Jamaica being a suitable place for coloured emigrants. But even then they conceive that many laws must be passed to ensure perfect freedom, equality of rights, and other important privileges before they could recommend a single emigrant to proceed there. Jamaica appears to have a large part of its fertile soil uncultivated, and as it is not so much divided as formerly into large estates for the manufacture of sugar, facilities are now afforded for the industrious, especially those with a small capital, to make a comfortable living and acquire a moderate amount of wealth. The great complaint in that fine Island, is that the coloured population will not work; but it seems strange, that with such a demand for labour, the wages should remain so low as one shilling sterling a-day, creating an apprehension that a large addition of labourers would only depress the wages still more. It is admitted, that if the full amount of labour which the working man can give were to be applied, there is population enough in Jamaica to do the work. But when we look at the size of the Island, which contains above 6,000 square miles, we shall find that with a population less than four hundred thousand, there are not 70 inhabitants for every square mile; a very thin population, indeed, for a place so fertile.

The most powerful objection seems to arise in the danger of introducing regulations which may affect the rights of the coloured men, and the advantage which may be taken of them in making engagements for long service. The coincidence of this demand from Jamaica and other Islands, with the disgraceful movements of the Colonisation Society of the United States, would seem to operate as a lesson for caution on the part of the coloured population. Virginia is resolved to drive all the free coloured population from the soil, or sell them into Slavery. Some Free States are moving in the same direction; and the West Indies are held out as a suitable place of refuge for these oppressed people. If it can be possible that the people of the North will look on, and see such an outrage perpetrated on a whole people, many of them their own flesh and blood, we shall despair of the American Republic ever reaching correct views on the claims of liberty. The expulsion of four hundred thousand free coloured people from the American soil without the slightest provocation, will be the blackest act in the world's catalogue of crime. Mr. Scoble stated, that after a long recent interview with Earl Grey, his Lordship consented to his (Mr. S.'s) views on emigration, which we need not say are directly opposed to those contained in the letter of Mr. Hawes, the under Secretary already referred to; and the wonder is how Lord Grey, who was under Secretary when the Emancipation Act was passed, and of course thoroughly conversant with these questions, should have given heed for a moment to such proposals, which would do all except bringing back Slavery to the British West Indies.—*Toronto Globe.*

EMIGRATION TO THE WEST INDIES.

WE noticed in our last the great exertions that are now being made to induce emigration to the British West Indies. The movement proceeds from opposite sides of the line. The West India planters desire a supply of coloured labourers, while the friends of Slavery in the United States are equally desirous to have their coloured population in Liberia, or any place, except the United States. The people of Canada are generally either friendly to the coloured race, and desire to retain them here, or they are neutral. Few, indeed, we believe, would drive these oppressed men from this free country,—and these few have not the power to do so. The coloured population in Canada, though in many cases labouring under great disadvantages, are good settlers, maintaining themselves by honest industry. A coloured beggar is unknown among us, and in proportion to their numbers, they commit fewer crimes than the other inhabitants. There can be no reason then, as far as Canada is concerned, to desire their removal. We need only refer to the Elgin Settlement as a proof of what coloured men are capable of accomplishing. Still it may be possible for the African race to be more successful in the West Indies, if they are treated as they ought to be, as free subjects of the British Empire. Let us see how matters have been managed of late years in this respect.

When the emancipation from Slavery occurred, many inconveniences arose out of the measure, though nothing in comparison to to the evils of the former system. The West India Islands were regarded as mere manufactories of sugar and coffee for the British market, and were measured by the produce of these articles. Emancipation sent the wives to superintend their houses, and the children to the school, instead of sending them to the field under the lash of the overseer. The amount of benefit conferred by that great act of justice on the population, was beyond all calculation. Measured by the exports after emancipation, that act appeared a heavy loss. To get a sufficient supply of labour, many thousand Hill Coolies were imported from the East Indies, while many slaves, captured by British cruisers, were added to the number. Such a mixture could not at once give satisfaction. The Coolies and Africans, wild heathens, it was found difficult to manage, while by the former coloured inhabitants, both were regarded as intruders sent to cut down their wages. There seems to have been much truth in that, as the planters, in most cases, met the emancipation in bad humour; and, instead of frankly falling in with it, they did much to annoy the peasantry by fixing large rents on their huts, or subjecting them to heavy taxes. They also impoverished themselves by the expenses of transporting the new labourers, plunging the colonies into heavy debt. To remunerate themselves, the labourers were brought under an obligation to serve for five years, and to work nine hours a-day, while the heavy taxes exhausted a large proportion of their very small wages. This was especially the case in Trinidad and British Guiana.

In October, 1850, the British Anti-Slavery Society strongly remonstrated with Earl Grey upon the injustice and cruelty of such regulations, pointing out the destructive character of nine hours labour for six days in the week under a tropical sun, where the whole daylight, generally, does not exceed twelve hours. It is but justice to Earl Grey to state that in 1849 he remonstrated with Lord Harris on the unjust laws of the Colonial Legislatures of Guiana and Trinidad, and that he did not appear to have given his sanction to them, till after repeated applications from the Colonial authorities.

So harshly were the liberated Africans treated in Trinidad that it called the attention of Mr. Gilbert, a humane and enlightened Church of England Clergyman, the Rector of St. Paul's, Trinidad, who thus describes their treatment in a letter to Lord Harris,

"The class of persons are, for the most part, in a most neglected condition. It is almost literally true, that no man careth for their souls. They are brought here friendless, and unable to befriend themselves or each other. In some cases, the nearest relations are separated without any knowledge whatever of each other's abode, or destination. This is one of the worst features of the old system of Slavery. By far the greater number of them were landed here in a very unhealthy state, and, apparently, half starved to death. The consequence has been that numbers have died, and in some cases on the highway, before reaching their destination, while many more have been rendered useless to themselves and their employers for months after their first location. In many instances they are crowded together in a single room for some time after their arrival—not larger than a labourer's house, without the slightest attention being paid to their comfort or cleanliness; and what is still worse without regard to the decencies of common life. I have seen them domiciled without any distinction of sex or condition—the sick and the whole all huddled together."

This letter was forwarded to Lord Grey, who replied "that there might have been some negligence in the officers especially appointed to inspect and superintend the Africans;" and Mr. Gilbert was asked if he had specific evidence in support of his allegations. He replied that he had. But when he asked for documents in the possession of Government to enable him to prove his case, he was told that such papers could not effect it, and they were refused.—Mr. Gilbert protested and proceeded with his case as he best could. He made out a strong case, notwithstanding all the obstacles thrown in his way.—The modified slave code of Guiana was sanctioned by the Colonial Office notwithstanding fresh remontrances from the B. and F. Anti-Slavery Society.—In a letter dated 24th January, 1851, from Mr. Hawes, Under Secretary, the Society is informed that Earl Grey did not think it necessary to advise her Majesty to disallow the ordinance. We learn with pleasure by Mr. Scoble that more recently, the Colonial Secretary has shown a disposition to abrogate the restrictions imposed or attempted to be imposed on the immigrants. Many of these objectionable regulations do not apply, or only do in a very modified form to Jamaica; but we fear that the *animus* which governs the planting interest, is still that of a desire to keep the coloured race in that degraded state in which they were so long placed. The project of driving the coloured freemen of the United States from their homes, is one of the signs of the times, that Slavery is drawing to its close, for such an attempt will, in all probability, finish it, by producing such restrictance, as Slavery will not be able to meet. There must be from 9 to 10 millions of the African race on the Continent and Islands of America. Such a number cannot be exterminated, and it is more than probable that they will yet form a power of great importance in the western world.—*Ibid.*

CHARGE OF JUDGE KANE OF PHILADELPHIA TO THE GRAND JURY ON THE LAW OF TREASON.

GENTLEMEN of the GRAND JURY: It has been represented to me that since we met last, circumstances have occurred in one of the neighbouring counties of our District, which should call for your prompt scrutiny, and perhaps for the energetic action of the Court.

It is said that a citizen of the State of Maryland, who had come into Pennsylvania to reclaim a fugitive from labour, was forcibly obstructed in the attempt by a body of armed men, assaulted beaten and murdered; that some members of his family, who had accompanied him in the pursuit, were at the same time and by the same party maltreated and grievously wounded; and that an officer of justice, constituted under the authority of this Court, who sought to arrest the fugitive, was impeded and repelled by menaces and violence, while proclaiming his character and exhibiting his warrant. It is said, too, that the time and manner of these outrages, their asserted object, the denunciations by which they were preceded, and the simultaneous action of most of the guilty parties, evinced a combined purpose forcibly to resist and make nugatory a constitutional provision, and the statutes enacted in pursuance of it; and it is added, in confirmation of this, that for some months back, gatherings of people, strangers as well as citizens, have been held from time to time in the vicinity of the place of the recent outbreak, at which exhortations were made and pledges interchanged to hold the law for the recovery of fugitive slaves as of no validity, and to defy its execution.

Such are some of the representations that have been made in my hearing, and in regard to which it has become your duty, as the Grand Inquest of the district, to make legal inquiry. Personally I know nothing of the facts, or the evidence relating to them. As a member of the Court, before which the accused persons may hereafter be arraigned and tried, I have sought to keep my mind altogether free from any impressions of their guilt or innocence, and even from all extra-judicial knowledge of the circumstances which must determine the character of the offense that has been perpetrated. It is due to the great interests of public justice, no less than to the parties implicated in a criminal charge, that their cause shall be in no wise and in no degree prejudged. And in referring, therefore, to the representations which have been made to me, I have no other object than to point you to the reasons for my addressing you in this advanced period of our sessions, and to enable you to apply with more facility and certainty the principles and rules of law, which I shall proceed to lay before you.

If the circumstances to which I have adverted have in fact taken place, they involve the highest crime known to our laws. Treason against the United States is defined by the Constitution. Art. 3, Sect. 3, Cl. 1, to consist in "levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." This definition is borrowed from the ancient law of England, *Stat.* 25, *Edw.* 3, *stat* 5, *chap.* 2, and its terms must be understood of course in the sense which they bore in that law, and which obtained here when the Constitution was adopted. The expression "levying war," so regarded, embraces not merely the act of formal or declared war, but any combination forcibly to prevent or oppose the execution or enforcement of a provision of the Constitution or of a public Statute, if accompanied or followed by an act of forcible opposition in pursuance of such combination. This in substance has been the interpretation given to these words by the English judges, and it has been uniformly and fully recognised and adopted in the Courts of the United States. (See *Foster, Hale and Hawkins*, and the opinions of Iredell, Patterson, Chase, Marshall, and Washington, J. J., of the Supreme Court, and of Peters, D. J. in *U. S.* vs. *Vigol, U. S.* vs. *Mitchell, U. S.* vs. *Fries, U. S.* vs. *Boltman and Swartwout*, and *U. S.* vs. *Burr.*)

The definition, as you will observe, includes two particulars, both of them indispensable elements of the offense. There must have been a combination or conspiring together to oppose the law by force, and some actual force must have been exerted; or the crime of treason is not consummated.

The highest, or at least the direct proof of the combining may be found in the declared purposes of the individual party before the actual outbreak; or it may be derived from the proceedings of meetings, in which he took part openly, or which he either prompted, or made effective by his action or countenance,—commending, counseling, and instigating forcible resistance to the law. I speak, of course, of a conspiring to resist a law, not the more limited purpose to violate it, or to prevent its application and enforcement in a particular case, or against a particular individual. The combination must be directed against the law itself.

But such direct proof of this element of the offense is not legelly necessary to establish its existence. The concert of purpose may be deduced from the concerted action itself, or it may be inferred from facts occuring at the time, or afterward, as well as before.

Besides this, there must be some act of violence, as the result or consequence of the combining. But here again, it is not necessary to prove that the individual accused was a direct, personal actor in the violence. If he was present, directing, aiding, abetting, counselling or countenancing it, he is in law guilty of the forcible act. Nor is even his personal presence indispensable. Though he be absent at the time of its actual perpetration, yet if he directed the act, devised or knowingly furnished the means for carrying it into effect, instigated others to perform it, he shares their guilt. In treason there are no accessories.

There has been, I fear, an erroneous impression on this subject, among a portion of our people. If it has been thought safe to counsel and instigate others to acts of forcible oppugnation to the provisions of a statute; to inflame the minds of the ignorant by appeals to passion, and denunciations of the law oppressive, unjust, revolting to the conscience, and not binding on the actions of men; to represent the constitution of the land as a compact of iniquity, which it were meritorious to violate or subvert—the mistake has been a grievous one, and they who have fallen into it may rejoice if peradventure their appeals and their counsels have been hitherto without effect. The supremacy of the constitution, in all its provisions, is at the very basis of our existence as a nation. He, whose conscience or whose theories of political or individual right forbid him to support and maintain it in its fullest integrity, may relieve himself from the duties of citizenship by divesting himself of its rights. But while he remains within our borders, he is to remember that successfully to instigate treason is to commit it.

I shall not be supposed to imply in these remarks, that I have doubts of the law abiding character of our people. No one can know them well, without the most entire reliance on their fidelity to the constitution. Some of them may differ from the mass, as to the rightfulness or the wisdom of this or the other provision, that is found in the federal compact,—they may be divided in sentiment as to the policy of a particular statute or of some provision in a statute;—but it is their honest purpose to stand by the engagements, all the engagements which bind them to their brethren of the other States. They have but one country; they recognise no law of higher social obligation than its constitution and the laws made in pursuance of it; they recognise no higher appeal than to the tribunals it has appointed; they cherish no patriotism that looks beyond the Union of the States.

That there are men here, as elsewhere, whom a misguided zeal impels to violations of law—that there are others who are controlled by false sympathies, and some who yield too readily and too fully to sympathies not always false—or if false, yet pardonable—and become criminal by yielding,—that we have, not only in our jails and almshouses, but segregated here and there, in detached portions of the State, ignorant men, many of them without political rights, degraded in social position, and instinctive of revolt,—all this is true. It is proved by the daily record of our police courts, and by the inflective labours of those good men among us, who seek to detach want from temptation, passion from violence, and ignorance from crime. But it should not be supposed that any of these represent the sentiment of Pennsylvania, and it would be to wrong our people sorely, to include them in the same category of personal, social, or political morals.

It is declared in the article of the Constitution which I have already cited, that "no person shall be convicted of treason, unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open Court." This and the corresponding language in the act of Congress of the 30th April, 1790, seem to refer to the proofs on the trial, and not to the preliminary hearing before the Grand Inquest. There can be no conviction until after arraignment on bill found. The previous action in the case is not a trial, and cannot convict, whatever be the evidence or the number of witnesses. I understand this to have been the opinion entertained by Chief Justice Marshall, 1 *Burr's Trial*, 196; and though it differs from that expressed by Judge Iredell on the indictment of Fries, 1 *Whart. Am. St. Tr.* 480, I feel authorized to recommend it to you, as within the terms of the Constitution, and involving no injustice to the accused.

I have only to add, that treason against the United States may be committed by any one resident or sojourning within its territory and under the protection of its laws, whether he be a citizen or an alien. *Fost. C. L.* 183, 5.—*Hale* 59, 60, 62, 1 *Hawk, ch*, 17 § 5, *Kel* 38.

Besides the crime of treason, which I have thus noticed, there are offences of minor grades, against the Constitution and the State, some or other of which may be apparently established by the evidence that will come before you. These are embraced in the Act of Congress, of the 30th Sept., 1790, ch. 9, sect. 22, on the subject of obstructing or resisting the service of legal process,—the Act of the 2d of March, 1831, ch. 99, sect. 2, which secures the jurors, witnesses, and officers of our Courts in the fearless, free, and impartial administration of their respective functions,—and the Act of 18th of September, 1850, ch. 60, which relates more particularly to the rescue or attempted rescue of a fugitive from labour. These Acts were made the subject of a charge to the Grand Jury of this Court in November last, of which I shall direct a copy to be laid before you; and I do not deem it necessary to repeat their provisions at this time.

Gentlemen of the Grand Jury: You are about to enter upon a most grave and momentous duty. You will be careful, in performing it, not to permit your indignation against crime, or your just appreciation of its perilous consequences, to influence your judgment of the guilt of those who may be charged before you with its commission. But you will be careful, also, that no misguided charity shall persuade you to withhold the guilty from the retributions of justice. You will enquire whether an offense has been committed, what was its legal character, and who were the offenders,—and this done, and this only, you will make your presentments according to the evidence and the law.

Your inquiries will not be restricted to the conduct of people belonging to our own State. If, in the progress of them, you shall find that men have been among us who, under whatever mask of conscience or of peace, have laboured to incite others to treasonable violence, and who after arranging the elements of the mischief, have withdrawn themselves to await the explosion they had contrived; you will feel yourselves bound to present the fact to the Court; and however distant may be the place in which the offenders may have sought refuge, we give you the pledge of the Law, that its far reaching energies shall be exerted to bring them up for trial,—if guilty, to punishment.

The offense of treason is not triable in this Court, but, by an act of Congress passed on the 8th of August, 1846, it is made lawful for the Grand Jury, empannelled and sworn in the District Court, to take cognizance of all indictments for crimes against the United States within the jurisdiction of either of the Federal Courts of the District. There being no Grand Jury in attendance at this time in the Circuit Court to pass upon the accusations I have referred to in the first instance, it has fallen to my lot to assume the responsible office of expounding to you the law in regard to them. I have the satisfaction of knowing, that if the views I have expressed are in any respect erroneous, they must undergo the revision of my learned brother of the Supreme Court who presides in this Circuit, before they can operate to the serious prejudice of any one; and that if they are doubtful even, provision exists for their re-examination in the highest tribunal of the country.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

††† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1851.

"DEPEND UPON IT, THE LAW WILL BE EXECUTED IN 'ITS SPIRIT AND TO ITS LETTER. IT WILL BE EXECUTED 'IN ALL THE GREAT CITIES—HERE IN SYRACUSE, IN 'THE MIDST OF THE NEXT ANTI-SLAVERY CONVEN-'TION, IF THE OCCASION SHALL ARISE."

—These were the words spoken by Daniel the Prophet. But it was the younger prophet, the second Daniel who came to judgment, and prophecied thus of conjunctions and concatenations, and foretold the results thereof. And this he did in a sppech at Syracuse, in May of this very year.

Last week an Anti-Slavery Convention was held in that city, and at the same time there was a Slave Case there; so the first part of the prophecy of Daniel was fulfilled; and the second part was fulfilled also, but not as Daniel foretold.

The Law, indeed, was *executed*, but not in the active sense; it was taken from the Hall of Justice to a public place, and in the eyes of all men, with jeers and scoffs and great rejoicings was executed like a vile felon as a burden the earth could bear no longer and would be rid of. This is the only spirit, 'when the occasion arose,' of the conjunction of an Anti-Slavery Convention and a Slave Case at Syracuse, in which the Law was obeyed. Thank Mr. Webster for the prophecy; and thank God for the manner of its fulfilment.

On Wednesday, the 1st inst., about noon, the U. S. Marshal, H. W. Allen, arrested in Syracuse a coloured man known as Jerry, sometimes called Wm. Henry, as a fugitive slave. He was immediately brought in chains before a U. S. Commissioner, J. F. Sabine, for examination on a claim of John McReynolds, of Marion Co., Missouri, presented by one James Lear, as his attorney. In behalf of this wretch, James R. Lawrence, of Syracuse, appeared as counsel, and Mr. Gibbs, of Washington, N. Y., happening to be present, volunteered as counsel for the alleged slave.

The Court having organized, Mr. Gibbs asked that the chains be removed from the limbs of the prisoner, a motion in the propriety of which the Commissioner acquiesced, but with which Marshal Allen did not see fit to comply. Mr. Gibbs also remonstrated against the claimant of Jerry appearing before the Court armed with revolvers, but on this point the Commissioner declined to make any order. So the man-hunter continued to wear his arms, and the negro his chains.

Lear produced his power of Attorney from the assumed owner, McReynolds, of Missouri, and was sworn as a witness. The counsel for Jerry here, however, raised as a preliminary question, that there was no evidence before the Court that any such institution as Domestic Slavery existed in Missouri, and, as it could not exist by common law, it should be shown that it was established there by Statute. The Commissioner overruled the point, and the examination of the witness proceeded. He got far enough to say that he had known Jerry from a boy, and that he knew his mother when she was the slave of a Mr. Henry, the former owner of the prisoner.

It happened that on this 1st day of October the population of Syracuse had received a large accession from the surrounding country, not only from the Liberty Party Convention, but from a County Agricultural Fair. The news of the arrest had spread like wildfire among the people, and a large crowd had collected around the Commissioner's office, called together by handbills placarded through the streets, and by the tolling of the bells of all the Churches, announcing an impending public calamity. The excitement and the crowd had so increased by 2 1-2 o'clock, and so great was the uproar and confusion, in and around his office, that the Commissioner, at that hour, and in the midst of the testimony of the slave-catcher, Lear, adjourned the case to 5 P. M. No sooner was this announcement made than a mingled crowd of whites and blacks within the Court-room, after the manner of the rescuers of Shadrach at Boston, hustled the police and their assistants out of sight, and out of power, and, pushing Jerry into the street, made him once more a fugitive, all manacled as he was. But the chains impeded his flight; he was soon overtaken and recaptured, and placed in confinement.

At 5 o'clock, the case came on again. In the meantime, the Sheriff was called upon to require the aid of the military in case another rescue should be attempted, but the Sheriff doubted his power to call for such aid when he had no process to execute; and moreover, the military had no doubt at all of their own powers and intentions, which were not to be used as the assassins of their fellow citizens in such a cause, and they would not have come, even if they had been called. So the examination was proceeded with, the Commissioner and the Marshal relying on such aid as they had in the police force and themselves. Messrs. Lawrence, Jones and Anderson appeared for the claimant, Messrs. Hellis, Morgan and Sheldon for the prisoner, and these legal gentlemen went into the merits of the question with such coolness and effect as a rattling commentary of stones through the windows, and the cheers of the crowd outside, would permit. The excitement of the people waxed fiercer and fiercer each moment, and bursting at length all bounds, they fairly stormed the Hall of Justice, put the inmates to flight, all law and order at defiance — and Jerry vanished into thick night.

Such is the history of the first Slave Case in Syracuse, as we gather it from various accounts in letters and newspapers. Jerry, long ere this, is a subject of her British Majesty, and no man yet in Syracuse has been called to account for his share in the happy fellow's release. The Treason this time is that of a whole city. The bells tolled it; the military rejoiced in it; it was placarded through all her streets; and the next morning neighbours asked each other, smilingly, "where's Jerry?" The Commissioner sits wofully amid the ruin of his own desks and chairs, and doubtless sadly reflecting that he might have had the five dollars if he had not been so greedy for the ten; and even more bitterly reflecting that there is nothing more to be done either for patriotism or pelf. No unnecessary violence was committed; nobody, except a Buffalo Marshal, who broke his arm, in seeking safety for his whole body, by jumping out of a window, was injured; and no law was disobeyed but the Fugitive Slave Law, which Mr. Webster was so sure would be executed in Syracuse. Verily, a second Daniel!

MR. LATROBE'S LETTER.

WE publish, in its appropriate place, on our first page, a letter of one Mr. Latrobe, a lawyer of some eminence, we believe, in Baltimore, and President of the Maryland Colonization Society, which has been for the last few weeks making its way through the papers of the country, receiving words of praise and approval from those most rabidly pro-slavery as it goes. Its weak sophistry and bitter and malicious spirit show so plainly through every line of it, that it is quite unnecessary to point them out. Indeed, so palpable are they, that we do not remember to have seen the letter in any paper, with a single exception, whose editors ever pretend to wish anything else for the negro race but eternal Slavery. That exception is the *Christian Inquirer*, of this city, which says of it that it "is written in a candid and Christian spirit;" that it does not "attempt to justify Slavery;" that "it is just such a letter as is calculated to aid in all reasonable inquiries in their endeavours to give freedom to the slave and elevation to the black race;" that it reads such letters "with intense interest because they aid us in arriving at the truth · · · · because it is earnest and honest, and aims at a good end, and contains much truth which we all ought to know." That is the Unitarian organ's opinion this week, of a course of reasoning which proceeds upon the assumption that the negroes must be held in perpetual Slavery, or sent, when they become useless as slaves by becoming freemen, exiles to an inhospitable and distant land. But then it may hold quite a different opinion next week as it rarely holds to the same way of thinking for a fortnight together.

MAN-HUNTING IN VIRGINIA.

AN attempt was recently made by four men in Virginia to escape from that patriarchal institution which gives poor food and scanty clothing in lieu of wages, and whose advocates declare it to be the happiest social system which Christianity and civilization have yet developed. These four subjects of it, it seems, were of another opinion, and determined to try how they could get along in a region where labour has its price in money, where the marriage institution is believed a very good thing even for poor folks, where religion does not inculcate solely obedience to masters, where learning the Alphabet is not an indictable offence, and where every man's soul and body is held to belong to the natural possessor thereof—in a region North of the latitude of New York, Boston, or Bangor, namely, Canada. Unfortunately the laudable intentions of two of the poor fellows were frustrated; how, is very prefunctorily described by the *Wytheville* (Va.) *Gazette*:

They were overtaken while in Grayson county, by five or six white men of Grayson. The negroes were armed with knives, spears, and with one or two weapons made of broken English scythes. The white men had one or two guns. The negroes assailed the whites, and the scythes were used with terrible effect. Samuel Bartlett was struck in the forehead and his head split open, cutting into the brain an inch or two the whole length of the head. He lived about 8 hours. Alfred Bartlett, his brother, who had a gun, and who fired it merely to wound, in attempting to relieve his brother, had his left wrist and hand very badly cut—almost severed from the arm. Yet, after this, he knocked two of the negroes down, and left them for dead. One of the negroes thus knocked down had stabbed Mr. Wilcox, whom he had under him on the ground, through the neck, and was in the act of inflicting a more deadly wound, when thus prevented by the wounded Bartlett. John Clemments was struck by one of the negroes, who used a scythe, across the head, and his skull was cloven from temple to temple—the brain cut in upon the whole way, from one to two inches—and yet there are hopes of his recovery. Wm. B Hale was severely injured with rocks thrown by the negroes. Notwithstanding the terrible wounds inflicted upon the white men, two of the negroes were secured. The other two (both believed to be wounded with gun shots) made their escape, and, so far as we know, are yet out, though hotly pursued. The two taken are in Grayson jail, and will be tried for their lives for insurrection and murder.

—These two who escaped, we trust, may not have cause to wee[illegible] wounds, but will reach that region where they can, in safety, point to them as evidences of the perils that must be encountered in the United States in asserting the inalienable right to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

THE TREASON CASES IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The Grand Jury have found true bills against the following persons:

White Men—Castner Hanway, Elijah Lewis, Joseph Scarlett, James Jackson.

Black Men—Jacob Moore, George Reed, Benj. Johnson, Daniel Caulsbury, Anson Pernsley, Wm. Brown, 2d., Henry Green, Elijah Clarke, John Holladay, Wm. Williams, Benj. Pindergrass, John Morgan, Ezekiel Thompson, Thomas Butler, Collister Wilson, John Jackson, Wm. Brown, Isaiah Clarkson, Henry Sims, Charles Hunter, Lewis Gales, Peter Woods, Lewis Clarkson, Nelson Carter, Wm. Parker, John Berry, Wm. Berry, and George Williams.

Samuel Williams, the coloured man, who was charged with going to Christiana, before the attempt was made to arrest the alleged slaves, to warn them to escape, is also held to take his trial for treason against the Government of the United States. The charge of Judge Kane will be found in another column.

In the United States Circuit Court of Philadelphia, Judges Grier and Kane presiding, the following were the proceedings on Monday the 6th instant.

District Attorney John W. Ashmead, moved the Court to issue a special venire to the Marshal to summon 108 jurors to try the charges against Elijah Lewis and thirty-seven others, who have been committed for treason against the United States, growing out of the murderous outrage at Christiana. The fourth Monday in November has been fixed as the day for the commencement of these trials.

Judge Grier ordered the venire to issue accordingly, and said that it was proper that the District Attorney should make such a motion. He then directed the Marshal to summon men of the highest respectability of character for intelligence, integrity and conscientiousness, in the community, and to inform them that their attendance will be enforced by the Court, and that no excuses but sickness would be received for non-attendance. That the summoning of jurors upon such occasions was always an unpleasant duty; but it was one that the law cast upon them, and they must submit to the burden.

The Judge then inquired of the District Attorney whether the law did not require twelve of the one hundred and eight special jurors asked for to be drawn from Lancaster county? To which the District Attorney replied in the affirmative, and said he would so set it forth in the writ to the Marshal.

Judge Grier drew the attention of the Marshal to summoning none but men of the strictest integrity and highest intelligence.

District Attorney Ashmead also moved the Court that copies of the bills of indictment be made out and furnished to each of the defendants in custody, agreeably to the act of Congress; and said that, on Thursday next, at 11 o'clock, he meant to move for the arraignment of the prisoners.

Judge Grier enquired whether any counsel was present for their prisoners

J. M. Read replied that he was engaged, with Messrs. Thadeus Stevens and Lewis, for two of the prisoners. He had nothing to say in opposition to the motion, and thought they would be ready at the time fixed by the District Attorney.

Wm. S. Pearce also informed the Court that he was engaged with D. P. Brown for Williams, who had no objections to make to the District Attorney's arrangements.

If the Marshal shall obey the Judge and summon none but men of the "strictest integrity and highest intelligence," a Jury will never be empannelled that will convict any of these prisoners of Treason.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

A FREE-SOIL Convention was held, a few days since, at Cleveland, Ohio, which was attended by some of the most distinguished leaders of that party in the West, among them Messrs. Giddings, Chase, Lewis, Bradburn, King, Brisbane, and others whose names are not so familiar to us. Mr. C. M. Clay, of Kentucky, was also present and addressed the meeting in a speech which was received with great enthusiasm. He renounced and denounced the Whig party, and his denunciation should be listened to, as his renunciation will be felt by the party which, in the Presidential Campaign of '44, had no more faithful and valiant champion, and in that which is about to open will be peculiarly unfortunate in its want of honest men. Mr. Clay, it will be remembered, was the independent candidate for Governor in the recent election in his State, and received 5,000 votes.

The Cleveland *True Democrat* gives this abstract of his speech at the late Convention there:

Mr. Clay commenced by saying that he felt himself highly honoured by being called upon to address so large an audience.

It is not a question between the North and South, but a question of the aristocracy on the one hand, and the bone and sinew of the land on the other. It is whether we can carry out the great principles of the Declaration of Independence consistently with the practices of the South.

He said the declaration, that all men were created free and equal, sounded strange to Southern men, while they were holding three millions of their brethren in bondage.

He added that Sherman and Jefferson, and nearly all the prominent men who aided in framing the Constitution, studiously avoided putting anything in that instrument which would in the remotest degree recognise the right to property in man. Slaves were called, "persons held to service." Southern men, at that time, only desired to be let alone. They asked for no laws to protect Slavery—neutrality was what they demanded. They endeavoured to frame the Constitution so as to preserve the conscience and integrity of the North. They asked that slaves be "delivered up"—not that they be caught and returned to Slavery by us. The Fugitive Slave Bill violates the principles of neutrality adopted by our fathers, in the Constitution. The North, in this matter, is far guiltier than the South. Southern men have been bred oppressors, Northern men can plead no such excuse. I advocate the repeal of this Fugitive Law, because it outrages both Justice and the Constitution. I counsel no violent opposition to this law; we must, until its repeal, submit to its infamous demands.

I would rather live under the despotism of the Autocrat of Russia—under any despotism recognised among men—than the despotism of Slavery. It is the despotism, not of one man, but of a million of petty lords and tyrants. We can have no real liberty in these States until the power is wrested from the slaveholding influences of the South. You will struggle in vain to make labour respectable, while Slavery exists in the South; its effects are seen in every avenue of life, social, civil, commercial and industrial. And because you, freemen of the North, will not submit to this oppressive tyranny, Southerners threaten to dissolve the Union!

A few remarks in regard to state of parties. *I have acted, as many of you know, with the Whig* party. I advocated the election of Henry Clay, and, subsequently, of Gen. Taylor, confiding in the promises which they made me. *If there can be any blame attached to me in the matter, it is in acting so long with a party that has proved recreant to every principle of Liberty and Republicanism. The time has come when I must separate myself from that party.*

A word as to policy. We should be innocent as doves and wise as serpents. We must look for strength from the ranks of the Democratic *working* men of the country. It should be the policy of the Government to make every man a land-holder. This will be our best standing army—a standing army should consist in a distribution of property. The Whig party embrace the landed property holders of this country; they are, and always have been, the conservatives of the country; and it is they who will, in the final struggle, join the slave interests of the South.

Can I, when such an issue is made up, regard the questions of internal improvements, and banks, and tariff? Strip me of every physical comfort; turn me out stript of every earthly comfort; but give me LIBERTY. Now we must look for our aid from the ranks of the great labouring army of the country. We are living in very important times—an age, more remarkable than any that has preceded us. Physical improvement is unexampled in the history of the world. And a moral sentiment, a moral power has been brought to bear upon the question of enslaving men, such as never was before. A noble army have put their hands to the plough, and they will never look back, until Liberty shall be the birthright of every son and daughter of this glorious Confederacy.

GERRIT SMITH NOT A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.—The report that Mr. Smith consented to accept the nomination of his party, it seems, by the following letter to some newspaper in his neighbourhood, was incorrect. The Liberty Party, therefore—if it makes any difference to anybody—is now without a candidate for the Presidency:

PETERBORO, Saturday, Sept. 27, 1851.

DR. DOUGLASS: The newspapers have it that I accepted the nomination with which the Liberty Party Convention recently honoured me. It is entirely untrue that I accepted it.

Another newspaper error is, that I declined the nomination, because it would embarrass me in my use of "means in various benevolent schemes." The report that I gave this foolish reason for declining the nomination, probably grew out of my remark that I was willing to use time and money for the cause, but was not willing to have my name used as a candidate.

There are many newspaper mistakes respecting me. My rule is to let them pass. But the mistakes in the present instance I thought it well to correct.

GERRIT SMITH.

☞ A WARRANT for the arrest of a fugitive Slave was issued in this city, a few days since, and the arrest attempted at Hudson by Marshal Tallmadge. But the fugitive had heard that the bloodhounds were on his track and fled.

ANOTHER SLAVE CASE.—Commissioner Smith, of Buffalo, has remanded another coloured man to Slavery, named Harrison. The evidence, in this case, is said to be more flimsy and inconclusive than any that has yet been taken in a slave case. It has not yet transpired, and its character is probably reason enough for keeping it secret.

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. LXXXIX.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent disclaimeth—Precocity of Notes—He etemologyzeth—He giveth the popular reasons for the Panic, and propoundeth his own—He expoundeth its political aspects—His doctrine of Divine Judgments—The modern Fire and Brimstone—His aspirations touching "City Lots"—Coalitions—Whig Compromise—Savageness passing that of Meat-axes—Mr. Webster's virtuous acts—The Correspondent laudeth him—Incredible Rumours—The Divinity under a cloud—His Counterfeit Presentment—The Correspondent is critical—The Criminal at the Bar—The Standing Mute—The Occasion not historical—A better suggested—Hints on ladies' ages—The Correspondent sympathizeth with the Defender—He noteth the public insensibility—And compareth Syracuse with Boston and Christiana—His Improvement, &c., &c., &c.*

BOSTON, Oct. 5, 1851.

You cannot expect so brilliant an epistle as my last, this week. We do not have President Visits, Jubilees, parades of Sims Brigades and other high festivities every fortnight. We have relapsed into our wonted quiescent state, living rather in the past than the future,—at least, those of us who have no notes hastening to a precocious maturity. The chief topic of conversation for the last two weeks has been, and is, the extreme *tightness* of money; an expression derived, doubtless, from the fact of there being no *loose* cash about. It is averred that money was never so hard to get since money was. The crisis of 1837 was a time of plenty in the comparison. Twenty-four *per cent* for money is no unusual rate, and lucky is he that can get it at that. Many reasons are given for this state of things. Such as Overimportation, extravagance of living, the want of a National Bank, an insufficient Tariff, the epidemic nature of Panics &c. Now my opinion is that it is owing to the Constitution of the United States and to the Glorious Union. And why not? They get the credit of every good thing that we get by the sweat of our brows or our brains, and why should n't they get some of the disgrace of our losses? Shall they give us good things and not also evil things? I should interfere with your privilege of Stated Preaching if I proceeded to give at length any reasons for the faith that is in me. But how can there be any permanent and true prosperity in a partnership by the very articles of which the meanest sort of dishonesty is made obligatory on the partners? Which begins by destroying the moral sense and utterly confounding the distinctions of right and wrong? But I must hasten down from the pulpit.

Some people think that politics have something to do with the market. And money panic is part of the stock in trade of the Whig party which it has more than once turned to good advantage. But as the very hunkerest of the hunkers, the very elect of the slave-catching saints, are among the hardest up of all, we can hardly give them credit for such truly Curtian self-devotion as would be implied in this hypothesis. That they will use the panic to frighten people into voting the Whig ticket as the only way of escape is beyond a peradventure. But I hardly think they got it up on purpose. *I* think it is a special judgment upon the signers of Webster letters and Recommendations and getters up of Castle Garden Demonstrations and Slave-catchers by the hundred. For I believe you are as deep in the mud as we are in the mire. It is satisfactory to see that even such sacrifices as Sims and Long are not of power sufficient to propitiate the Golden Calf which Wall Street and State Street bow down before and exalt above all that is called God. It shows how wisely means are adapted to ends in different states of the world. Now fire and brimstone was very well for Sodom and Gomorrah, I dare say; but a tight pinch in the Money Market is a much more effectual way of dealing with Boston and New York. After men have been selling themselves, (dog cheap, to-be-sure, for the consideration was merely their own souls,) for business and money, it is highly satisfactory to find that they have n't got it after all. If the trouble could but be confined to the guilty parties, the satisfaction would be pure and unmixed. But we will hope that the very few Lots which either city can furnish may find a Zoar, even if it be a little one, that their souls may live.

As to politics, the Democrats and Free Soilers have coalesced so far, whenever the County Conventions have been held and where they had a joint majority. This shocks the immaculate Whigs who have just completed an ill-assorted marriage between the Webster and Anti-Webster wings of their party. The compromise was that Mr. Winthrop, the Anti-Webster candidate should be nominated for Governor, three Webster delegates chosen to the Whig Convention, nothing be said of him as candidate for Presidency and general resolutions approving the course of Fillmore's Administration passed. This was far from satisfactory to the great man. It is averred that a meat-axe is no type at all of his savageness. He took the opportunity of the President's visit, to box their ears soundly. You must know that the *Courier*, *Advertiser* and other Whig papers have invested that part of their political capital which they can share for State purposes in denunciations of the Coalition of last year and of Governor Boutwell's Administration, generally. Now Mr. Webster, at the time of the President's visit, took especial pains to be exceeding civil to Governor Boutwell, and in his speech at the State House expressed in the warmest terms his satisfaction with what he had been doing and his entire readiness to support such an Administration. This was intended as a slap in the face to Mr. Winthrop and to the Whigs, generally, and was so received by them. I am not one of those, as perhaps you know, who regard Mr. Webster as absolutely impeccable and without sin. But still I am ready to acknowledge his virtues. He *is* a good hater. I can never sufficiently admire the scorn with which he kicked Mayor Bigelow and his Aldermen when they lay grovelling in the dirt at his feet, and the contempt with which he has tweaked the noses of the *Courier* and *Advertiser* and spit in the faces of the Massachusetts' Whigs, after they had been licking his boots for the last eighteen months. There have been rumours abroad that they don't like it. But that's incredible.

Since his achievements on the occasion referred to, he has withdrawn himself from the eyes of his worshippers. We have been obliged to put up with his counterfeit presentment furnished by Mr. Healy in his picture of him replying to Mr. Hayne, in 1830. As a work of art, it must be pronounced a failure. The likeness of Mr. Webster is a good one of him as he looks now, or rather as he did four or five years ago, before the desperation of his bad passions had thunder-scarred his brow and seated Care deep "on his faded cheek." But it is not like him as he was one and twenty years ago. The great defect of the picture is that it does not tell its own story. Should it be discovered after the familiar faces in it have been forgotten, no one would guess from what looks out from the canvass what it was all about. Mr. Webster stands in the centre, not only without the air of being in the act of speech, but as if he never had spoken and never intended to speak again as long as he lived. The Correspondent of the *Evening Post*, I believe it was, noticed this defect, and compared it to a man standing at the bar when the clerk had just asked him whether he were guilty or not guilty. This was a good criticism, but a friend of ours made a better when he said that Mr. W. looked like a man at the bar who had fully made up his mind to "stand mute," and that not the *peine forte et dure*, not pressing to death, itself, should get a word out of him, As if he was of Iago's mind (no bad association of ideas, by the way), and had just exclaimed,

"From this time forth I never will speak word!"

The occasion was not one that demanded an Historical Picture. It was a clever Speech, but had no historical antecedents or consequences. The Seventh of March Speech *did* mark an historical crisis, and would have been a better subject. And I should think the ladies, to say nothing of the gentlemen, whom the artist has packed into his canvass like herrings in a barrel, would have preferred a more recent Apotheosis. Conceive the emotions of any lady of sensibility at seeing herself put, full grown, into the gallery of the Senate one and twenty years ago! And not only so, but to be set down at full length in the Key, into the bargain.

I wonder how the Saviour of the Union bears the assaults made upon it at Syracuse. After having patched it up and assured us that it must be handled as carefully as a cracked tea-cup, to find it in such imminent danger of going to "immortal smash," must be a blow only second to finding that he cannot command his own party in his own State. And that, too, after he had publicly told the Syracusans that a slave *should* be taken from one of their Anti-Slavery Conventions, if need be, or words to that effect! I rather think the Anti-Slavery Conventions have not been held there in vain. And what can be the reason that the Slave-catching Organs of the two parties have said so little about that "gallant feat of arms?" Surely, it was as high-handed an act as the Rescue of Shadrach, which shook the whole continent as with an ague fit of horror. And it was as much an act of Treason as the Affair of Christiana. For though the Syracuse Rescuers did not actually kill anybody, I suppose they wouldn't have stood at a Commissioner or two or a Marshal more or less, had it been necessary to their purpose. Perhaps the country is getting used to being ruined, and the Constitution doesn't mind being broken a little, so much as it did at first. But the country is finely pacified, is it not? What a Milennium of Peace and Quietness the Compromises have secured to us! And we have not reached the profundity of one Repose, yet; for such examples as those of Christiana and Syracuse never go unimitated. We are far enough from the End, but this is the Beginning of it. D. Y.

Communications.

[FOR THE STANDARD.]

Notes and Comments, Observations and Reflections, Scenes and Sketches, Gleanings by the Way-side, &c. &c.

From the Personal Experience of an Anti-Slavery Lecturer.

NO. I.

YORKSHIRE, Cattaraugus County, N. Y.

THIS, dear reader, is the year

the oppressor, and open the prison doors of them that were bound. But while it was doing this in some parts, it was doing quite the reverse in others. It suppressed free inquiry, by intimidation; it established Church rule, at the point of the bayonet; it made war upon Nations, to extend the limits of human bondage. Nearly the last great act of its eventful life was one of *diabolical villainy*. In the ninth month of the last year of its life, it perpetrated an act that must have extorted a cry of horror from the inhabitants of *Hell*, though they were ten times as wicked and hardened as the church teachers. It commissioned *devils* to employ *dogs* to chase down *Christ*, in the form of plundered humanity, with the view to confine them in the dark prison-house of degrading and interminable *Slavery*, and impudently and impiously, in the name of GOD, called on *good* men to help consummate the black, infernal deed. The Fugitive Slave Law will be a swift witness against it in court. But it shall have its due. All the testimony, for and against it, shall be heard, and the decision shall be rendered on the ground of impartial justice.

In the mean time, we must attend to the concerns of the last half, now upon us. Its time for rendering an account of its stewardship will soon be along. It has borrowed the capital for half a century, accepted the terms, shouldered the responsibility, and commenced the work. The principal and interest, to the last farthing, will be required at its hand, at the close of the term. Let us see to it. Old men and old women, before the birth of the next century, you will be actors on another stage. Middle-aged men and women, you, too, will be gone. Young men and women, boys and girls, most of you will have stepped out before that time. But, living or dead, in this world or in the next, your *deeds* will live; and your names will be recorded on one of three places—on the scroll of *oblivion*, on that of *infamy*, or on that of VIRTUOUS FAME. Where will you have them? Seek oblivion if you choose, but don't whine when you get there; choose infamy if you like, but don't rave when you get your reward; yield to the demands of stern duty, follow truth, press onward toward the right, though your spirit must leave the body to do it, and you will have cause to do neither. But I am moralizing.

A few weeks since, while lecturing in the town of F., I called on a Methodist preacher, to ascertain whether I could obtain permission to plead for the dumb, in his church, on the Sabbath. I approached his house with fear and trembling (not fear of the minister, for, as a general thing, they are the last chaps one need be afraid of, but for the result). I had a kind of presentiment that my efforts, in that direction, would prove fruitless. But I was determined to know the worst. So, smoothing down my beard, lengthening out my visage (which nature has made quite long enough for ordinary purposes), and screwing up my courage, I—But here I am, at the end of my sheet, to which I promised to confine my scribblings for this time. So I must leave our interview, to be described in my next.

LETTER FROM GEORGE C. BLANCHARD.

PALENVILLE, Green County, New York, October 3, 1851.

DEAR EDITOR: As nothing of real permanence and utility has been accomplished for the human race in a day, so we must be content to persevere in our labours, hoping and trusting the time is not very distant when our country shall awake from its long night of darkness, and put on the habiliments which pertain not to those who profess, but to those who are Republicans, in deed as well as in word. It will not come as soon as we could hope; but that it will come, and that at no very distant day, I feel as confident as that there is a God in Heaven! It remains very much with us to say when. Shrewd, unprincipled men, knowing that Slavery must die the sooner because of our efforts, seek to postpone it by saying, "you Abolitionists only retard it by your efforts." In this way do these men seek to prolong the existence of the monster. They assert that Slavery will die the sooner, if we will cease to agitate the question. Now, this is nothing less than the will of the Devil, of evil men, who seek its perpetuity! and as such, I denounce it to the friends of Freedom! When went by the time when wickedness, left to itself, worked out its own purification? In what age of the world did tyranny relinquish its grasp without compulsion? On what page of the world's History shall we find the proof? To go no further back than our own history, did George of England release his grasp until the "Rebels" of the Revolution cut loose his hold with the sword? Has England ceased her domination over Ireland? Does not Russia hold an iron rod over her millions of half-clad, half-fed, half-starved subjects? Has she ever made atonement for the wrong she inflicted on divided, distracted Poland? Does Austria say to Kossuth, return to Hungary, we will play the tyrant no longer? Up to this day, have the Southern States devised, or attempted to devise, a way by which Slavery may be abolished? Up to the Throne of the Eternal Author of the Universe goes forth the voices of three and a half millions of human beings in bondage, yet does not the slaveholder relent. Aye, this is not all! They seek every opportunity to enlarge the area of Slavery! Had it not been for the instrumentality of the Abolitionists in spreading the alarm, Slavery had stretched its hideous head, had planted its iron heel, over a much greater space than it occupies to-day! Tell me not that Slavery will die the sooner if we will be silent! Tell it to the winds only, for it is idle talk. There is nothing in past history to sustain the belief that wickedness will die away the sooner it its opponents remain silent. Agitation! agitation! and nothing else, will hasten the day when the South shall "let the captive go free!" Daniel Webster may demand that this agitation be stopped, but it will not be stopped while God gives men the power of speech! This is nothing less than a stab at Freedom of Speech, and the Press. There are many tyrants among us, ready to lend a helping hand in checking both. But I have no fear for the Press in our day. There is yet wisdom enough among us to sustain it unshackled. When the Press is extinguished, the People are enslaved. As the advocate of society, therefore, of peace, domestic liberty, I conjure you, fellow citizens, to guard the liberty of the Press, that great sentinel of State, that grand detector of public imposture; guard it, because, when it sinks, then sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of all, both white and black! I call on Daniel Webster to 'conquer' his 'prejudice.' Now that he has not made very many friends, not so many as he lost, by his change of principle—now that, as every sane man predicted at the time of his apostacy, he would not get the nomination, much less the votes necessary to make him President, it is very probable he will recant, confess his wrong, and implore forgiveness of the State which stood by him until affection was useless, which did not desert him until he deserted himself. For years, Massachusetts stood by him with all the tenderness of a mother. How illy has he repaid her! Did he not know that, by disgracing himself, he brought disgrace on the State? Thanks to the noble sons who remained steadfast in the hour of trial. She is proving to the world that no man, or men, however high (low), can sell her for a price. Daniel Webster having failed to accomplish his desires by his subserviency to Southern interests, let him 'believe and repent'—let him, in all 'soberness,' fall down and ask forgiveness, and Massachusetts will not turn him away. But if, through stubbornness or pride, he will not do this—if he persists in bowing down to, and worshipping strange gods—he will be forgotten by after ages! or, if his name lives, it will be on the darker pages of history! But I must leave the 'God-like' for other remarks.

Whoever has travelled through any of the Slave States, or whoever has not, if he has taken the least trouble to inform himself, must feel, as an American, as a man and as a Christian, a deep responsibility in regard to the crying sin of Slavery. And it is a sin of the whole country! None need deny this! If it is not a sin of the Nation, then we have no national sins! Is not the North guilty of bargaining for the surrender of he fugitive? Is not the military force of the whole nation at the disposal of the President whenever he requires it to keep in subjection the millions of coloured and half-coloured men of the Slave States? And yet, 'what have we of the North to do with Slavery? we are not responsible for it; the Slave States alone are responsible.' This is the language of many Northern 'Christians.' Here, then, is an error of the head, sometimes more commonly of the heart. The heart becoming right, the head is not long in the dark. Men often plead ignorance, thinking it expedient. But men now-a-days, are giving more attention to what is and what is not expedient. Whatever is right, is expodient; but nothing that is wrong can be expedient. On the whole, 'expediency' is a bad word; its father will not much longer be proud of it; it is fast falling into disuse; it will soon be consigned to the grave of the age, and I trust it may never be exhumed; it has done mischief enough in the world, already. It owes its paternity to a bad state of society, and I think, after the light of a few years, we shall get it to its proper place How have we debased ourselves in the eyes of the good of all Nations, by the passage of the fugitive law! Even the oppressors of Hungary are clear of tyranny such as this! The blackest crimes of the minions of Austria and Russia whiten into virtue when compared with the guilt of our Northern traitors in either branch of Congress!! The Republicans of Europe may well point at us with scorn and contempt. Miserable ninnies that we are, miserable tools that we are, when we assist the South in catching their slaves! Our servants in Congress are verily dogs, in that they have bound us to this! If, in the passage of this law, they have performed the will of their constituents, then are we far behind the subjects of any Monarchy on earth! For no where, on the wide earth, can men be found who would instruct their Representatives to bind them to the support of such a law as this! Ransack Europe from one end of the Continent to the other, and the nation of men can not be found who would instruct their Representatives to vote for such a God-forsaken law! It is an everlasting disgrace to our country, a perfect parody on the Declaration of Independence! the blackest sin of the Nineteenth Century! But, out of evil sometimes comes much apparent, perhaps real, good. The passage of the fugitive law has set a ball in motion that cannot be checked, which must roll on, gathering strength as it progresses, till the monster is crushed, or the Union for Slavery is destroyed! Well may an American hang his head as he walks through the streets of London or Paris, or through the streets of the worst city of the worst Monarchy in Europe! It is no longer an honour to be called an American citizen! It no longer commands respect. Whoever obeys the fugitive law is a reproach to his State, a disgrace to his Country! He deserves the scorn and contempt of every friend of virtue and Christianity, because of his apostacy to Freedom. Because the Government has subjected itself to the scorn of the Universe, is no excuse for the citizen. The individual may stand clear of the unclean thing; the officer of the law may, and should, resign. While with one arm the Government has held out a helping hand to the oppressed of other countries, the other has held an iron rod over three and a half millions of citizens at home! What beautiful consistency! In vain do we look for a parallel! Our homes are ever open to the fugitive of other countries, but to the fugitive of our own they must be closed. Citizen of the North! will you uphold those who even wink at such an infernal law? Will you consent that men shall be torn from your midst, from their homes, without the privilege of trial by jury? Are you willing to assist in returning to the land of Slavery a single individual under any circumstances? Are you willing to disobey the laws of God that you may obey a law made by human beings, the best of whom are like ourselves, poor, fallible creatures of a day? Do you think it safe? do you think it prudent? do you think it wise to set the example to those who are around us, who will come after us, of setting aside a wise and holy law, on the ground of expediency? Are you willing, for one moment, to set aside the wisdom of God, and trust to the wisdom of men? Effectually deny God before men! Are you willing to help swell the tide of infidelity in our midst? If you are, then obey the fugitive law! Tell the world around us that God's law is good when it does not conflict with the laws of men! Tell the people the higher law is good in certain cases, but not always; that there are peculiar times in men's and nations' affairs when it must be set aside! Tell them, the Legislators of America are wise men, and so are capable of making better laws for them than the higher law! Tell them this, and put it in practice, and what will soon be our condition? I need not give the answer; your own sense of justice, your own sense of duty, will not allow you to go astray. Suppose there were no Bible—and those who support the fugitive law would be pleased if there were none—would you obey such an infernal law? Does not every instinct of your nature revolt against it? Would you help deprive any individual of his undoubted rights? Are you willing to take from, or assist in taking from, any man his natural rights? Now that we have the Bible telling us our duty, making it so plain that none may be at a loss to know their duty, there is no excuse for the man who bewrays the fugitive. The Bible nowhere says, help catch the fugitive; but it does say, 'Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant that has escaped from his master unto thee; he shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose, in one of thy gates where it liketh him best; thou shalt not oppress him.' (Deut. 23 ch., 15, 16 ver.)

Men who have no respect for the Bible, tell us about Paul's returning Onesimus, as though they had found a precedent for the return of the fugitives among us. Now, I beg leave to say, that Paul's returning Onesimus to Philemon has nothing to do with us; and, if it had, everything about it is so different from the law of Congress, that it is perfect nonsense to talk about it as touching our case. No Abolitionist will demur against returning fugitives after the manner of Onesimus.—Paul gave Onesimus religious instruction until he was satisfied of his being a Christian, before he returned him. Then he gave him a letter of introduction to his master, Philemon, advising him to forgive the wrong of the past, and to treat him "not now as a servant, but above a servant: a brother beloved, both in the flesh and in the Lord." Now, this is too plain to need any elucidation. I will not insult the understanding of any by attempting to show wherein our manner of returning servants differs from the return of Onesimus. There is no similitude whatever in the case. Thanks to the universal Father, the Fugitive Law is not always obeyed! There is yet Freedom enough left in some places to resist such monster iniquity! The flame of Liberty is not wholly extinguished! No, thanks to the efforts of its noble defenders, it yet burns bright in some parts of the country! Fellow-citizens, we must prove our fidelity to Virtue, to Freedom, to the Bible, by 'bewraying not the fugitive"! by letting the fugitive remain with thee—be thou a covert to him from the face of the spoiler, &c. Let no believer in our holy religion—let no minister of the Gospel of Christ—let no one who has any respect for the teachings of the Book of books, be deceived by those sly, artful infidels, full of all sorts of subterfuge, who say the slave is not an outcast. The slave is the 'outcast,' and the master is the 'spoiler.' The Bible is certainly necessary in our day.—it always will be necessary; and I call upon its friends to stand by it at this time, in all their acts: for now it is that the infidel world are attempting its destruction; and, the better to execute their infamous purpose, they have ascended the pulpit by thousands! These are the wolves spoken of, who come in sheep's clothing; 'Beware of them, for inwardly they are raging wolves!' To-day, more than ever before, we are the observed of all nations; all men look at us with interest and anxiety; all eyes are upon us. The foes of Liberty take courage whenever a fugitive is given back to bondage; its friends hang their heads in sorrow. All men who are friendly to the great principles of republican virtue throughout the world, have observed our course for the last half century, not always without fear and trembling, but for the most part, with confidence and hope. Shall we disappoint their just expectations? Shall we prove to the gazing world that we are incapable of self-government? that Republicanism is good in theory, but not in practice? Departed spirits of Washington and Jefferson and Hancock! of Henry and Attucks and Warren, forbid!! And ye who reverence the deeds and cherish the memory of the true (not the false) men of the Revolution, see to it, that ye surrender not the fugitive! See to it that ye be not beguiled or intimidated into silence, or conciliated by compromises, or overawed by fear of consequences.

We read of two especial traitors in the time of the Revolution. One was Arnold. Another was a treacherous villain—an emissary,—such as we have many among us—who attempted to betray into British hands the 'Fugitive'—the 'Higher Law' man—Washington! But he failed, as do many of the emissaries of our day. Washington did not hang him, but he sent him to his friends; and we should follow his example. Whenever we find among us a man helping to surrender the fugitive, we should send him among his friends, as being unfit for civilized society. But we are not so virtuous as were the chosen ones of the Revolution. But 'the battle is not always to the strong.' In virtue there is wisdom, and in wisdom there is strength. We must stand by the Rights of man until 'Liberty is proclaimed throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof,' or our voices are stilled in death! Could the spirit of Washington be suffered to take up its original tenement and appear in our midst, how would our Northern allies tremble. How would he be astounded to find after the lapse of of so many years, a law for the surrender of the fugitive. Our whole country the hunting ground of the slave-catcher! Standing by his tomb not long since, a foreigner somewhat known beyond his own country, remarked to me: 'This, then, is the tomb of your Washington—the man who fought through seven years of war for the sake of Liberty—who fought to attain the right of all men to self-government. You Americans are proud of him, and you well may be; but yonder stands a slave! Why you have a worse tyranny here than we have in any part of Europe.' When Washington was met walking on the banks of the Susquehannah, while the Convention on the Constitution was in session, and was asked on what he was reflecting, 'I am thinking,' said he, 'that perhaps it would be better to adjourn without offering any Constitution to the States, than to offer such an one as we have drawn up.' (He spoke in reference to the Slave Compromises.) Having such feelings then, what would he be now if among us? Nothing less than a warm supporter of those great principles for which so many today are suffering persecution and imprisonment. Whoever is true to his country—whoever would prove his reverence for the Bible, must use his influence in support of the oppressed, no matter of what color. The Bible is no book of invidious distinctions, nor does it make any discrimination in favour of the white race. If our religion sanctions bondage, where is its purity? If the Bible sustains Slavery, of what good is it? But it does no such thing. If men will disgrace the pulpit by preaching Slavery from the Bible, I am sorry for it, but not seriously alarmed. It has stood the shock of infidels for ages, and I don't think any of our modern 'Apostles' will destroy it now. They aim to destroy the Bible by making it sustain Slavery; and could they succeed, they would destroy it most effectually. But there is no cause of alarm; it has stood the shock of mightier forces than too many in the pulpit of to-day can bring against it. The truth is, slaveholders and all tyrants are afraid of it, and they may well be, for it has been the tyrants' greatest foe, in all ages. Without it, I should despair of the reformation of the world. It lies at the bottom of every genuine reform; it is a safe guide for all who would sustain what freedom there is in the world, and establish it, where Slavery now throws her dark and gloomy pall. We shall accomplish much, if we are true to the Bible. It is the terror of the slaveholder, and the only hope of the slave. If some of those 'learned Bible expounders' who find time to pervert it from its true meaning would go to work and get their bread by the sweat of the brow, they would do more for Christianity than they are now doing. Fellow citizens, you who get your living by honest toil, remember that all true, genuine reforms have their origin among the toiling millions! Christianity acknowledges no distinctions but those that have their foundation in the holy principles of justice and mercy. Christianity and the Bible are for all. The Bible is for both young and old, rich and poor; the farmer as well as the minister in the pulpit. But the pulpit has seen fit to, in certain places, attack sentiments of mine in a preceding article, which, they think, not proper for Christians to read.' Now I can make no reply, for their hearers, very many of them, could not see any reply of mine, as Abolition papers are 'dangerous,' and seldom reach them. Then my 'youth' lies heavily against me. This is to insult the understanding of their hearers. What has my youth to do with my sentiments? No one is particularly interested as regards my age. Whether I be twenty or forty is nothing to the case. I know many of the latter age who would do well to receive instruction. The question of Slavery is a simple one to all who will 'repent and believe.' Now, whatever I see fit to say, or have said, I am ready at all times, and under any circumstances, to defend; the more readily, because the rights of man needs no learned defence. Slavery and Freedom are simple questions—every child knows the difference, and left to himself, will decide correctly.

GEO. C. BLANCHARD.

SLAVERY—PATRIOTISM—LAW.

EVERY day brings to our ears rumours of wrongs and outrages, that result from Slavery. Every week, we hear of one or more victims to the Fugitive Slave Law—poor wretches, who have escaped from the immediate presence of their masters, into what they had vainly thought to be a *free* State, are torn from their fancied security, and with blows and abuse hurried back to their masters, once more to wear the chains of Slavery, and feel the "tender mercies" of the slaveholder. It seems as if any but the most unfeeling, would revolt at the idea of forcing the poor fugitive back again into bondage, even if it were done in the mildest manner possible; but there are thousands who are proud to assist in the capture of fugitives, and rejoice to have them sent back upon the slighest evidence and without as thorough a judicial investigation as would be required in a case where no more than five dollars' worth of property was in dispute; and even without any judical investigation whatever. But, if we wonder that there are so many base and inhuman men among us, how much more should we wonder that the Congress of *Democratic, Republican, Christian* America—the acknowledged representatives of the most liberal and enlightened people in the world (as we boast of being)—should, in this age of liberal principles, and when nearly the whole of Christendom, with the exception of our selves, have discarded chattel Slavery, enact a law for the recovery of fugitive slaves, so odious to a great body of the people, so repugnant to the the principles of justice and equal rights, so obnoxious to both the spirit and letter of our national constitution, as the bill styled the Fugitive Slave Law. But, as compromise men say, we do not so much object to *that* law, as we do to having *any* law for the recovery of those who have escaped from the fangs of Slavery. We object to any law of the kind. We object to men being held in slavery at all. But we are told that the Constitution requires that they shall be delivered up. Well, allowing that it does, are we always to be governed by that constitution, without amendment or alteration in its most important points? Is the constitution which was adopted by three or four millions of people in 1788, to be the fundamental law to all eternity, to the teeming millions who shall inhabit this country? Was this expected by the framers of that constitution? A portion of those who framed the constitution were signers of the Declaration of Independence, and without doubt all who composed the convention were firm believers in the truths asserted in the Bill of Rights. Well, the Declaration asserts, that when any form of government becomes destructive of the rights of the people, it is right for them to alter or abolish it. They thus acknowledged the right of their posterity to alter or abolish the constitution which they adopted. But instead of doing this, we have a law passed to carry out the most odious provision of that instrument, and one, which under the trying circumstances in which they were placed, its framers reluctantly consented to insert—a clause which is entirely at war with the spirit of the constitution, and directly opposed to the object for which it is declared that constitution was adopted.—(See Preamble.)

To read of the cold-blooded brutality exhibited in the capture and delivery of fugitives—as in the case at Buffalo—is enough to make a man of human feelings "blush and hang his head to think himself a man."—It would seem that it were enough to arouse the sympathies of a sufficient portion of the people, who would in defiance of law, prevent the occurence of such outrages; and I believe it is only through the influence of political demagogues, who have to a certain extent corrupted the minds of the people, that they are prevented from doing so. We hold up our hands in horror, and almost burst with indignation, when we hear of the cruelties and tyrannical acts of European despots, and would if it were in our power, consign such consummate villians to the "bottomless pit;" when at the same time we are permitting the same or worse things to be done under our very noses, and where we have the power to prevent them. Had the Sultan, intimidated by the threats of Nicholas, delivered up Kossuth and his companions, nearly every American would have pronounced the most horrible anathemas against the Mussulman. But without the least compunctions of conscience, they readily deliver up the fugitives who have sought their protection—who have fled from a bondage worse than that the Hungarians attempted to break by rebellion—and send them back to a fate which the Hungarians would have scorned to have substituted in their case, for the fate that would be theirs should they fall into the hands of the Emperor of Austria. Now, I would not abate one jot or tittle the curses, loud and deep, that are poured upon the heads of the European tyrants; nor would I, if I could, do aught to save such tyrants from the flames of hell. But let us be consistent. Let us ere we attempt to pull the mote out of our neighbour's eye, extract the beam from our *own*.

But we are continually told that "setting this law at defiance because it is unjust, is establishing a dangerous precedent"—"that we should obey the law, good or bad, in order that the *majesty* of law may be upheld." But this dangerous precedent has already been established, and the right to set unjust laws at defiance is admitted by every one, except those who claim to rule "by the grace of God." It is admitted by those who fought for the independence of Hungary, by those who fought for the independence of Cuba, by those who sent Louis Phillipe into exile, and by all those who have *commended* these revolutionists. Then those who conscientiously set this law at defiance, are doing what every man indirectly admits to be right. But when we are told that submission to law serves to uphold the "majesty of law," while the opposite course tends to encourage a state of anarchy, we may well smile at the folly or imprudence of those who make the assertion. Uphold the "majesty of the law!" Why there is nothing so well calculated to bring all law into contempt, to induce a state of anarchy, and make a people impatient of all restraint, as to enact and enforce obedience to such laws as this. Nothing will so disgust people with all law, as to be subjected to tyrannical laws, that outrage the plainest principles of justice and humanity. So that yielding obedience to this law, instead of upholding the majesty of the law, is having a contrary effect. The only way to uphold the "majesty of law," in this emergency is to repeal so odious an act. If governments would maintain among a people a due reverence for law, they must enact only such laws as are in accordance with natural rights; for all laws of a contrary character, whether enforced or not, tend to unsettle the respect which peoformerly had for law. *Laws to be* SACRED, *must be* JUST.

How have the people of America degenerated, since "the times that tried men's souls." Instead of the spirit of '76, we have rapping spirits; and instead of that noble love of Liberty, and undaunted courage, which caused the fathers of the Revolution to fight, to bleed, and die to maintain their freedom, and sustain the declaration that all men are created equal, we have men who are ready to "risk their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor" (if they had any), to maintain a despotism in the midst of a republic. What was *then* patriotism, is *now* fanaticism and treason; and what is now called patriotism, would then have disgraced a tory. Yes, the name of *patriot* has become corrupted, and is now applied to those vile wretches who, under pretence of "saving the Union," are doing acts of oppression and cruelty, that the proud Autocrat of Russia or tyrant Pope of Rome would be ashamed to do; and setting at defiance the laws of nature, and what they pretend to receive as the laws of God. While those who are striving to clear our country of the disgrace that is upon it, to wipe from our national eschutcheon that foul blot—Slavery—and who are working with all their might to make America what she should be, and what political demagogues now tell us that she is—"a model Republic," and a beacon light to "benighted Europe"—are denounced as traitors and disunionists, as fanatics and disturbers of the public peace!

This is the present state of things; but will it continue? No one who has faith in the ultimate triumph of justice or who has studied human nature and made himself asquainted with the history of the past, believes it. Shall "the mass of mankind continue to be born with saddles on their backs, and a favoured few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately by the grace of God?" Shall the most cruel despotism upon which the sun ever shone be always tolerated in the "model republic?" Shall the whole country be made a hunting ground, where *men* are hunted, not by bloodhounds nor wild beasts, but by men more savage than either? No, these things must have an end; and if *legislation* will not do the work, *revolution* will. Man is long suffering, but will not always endure wrong without resistance. There is a limit to human endurance, as many a tyrant has learned to his sorrow,

> When the smothered rage of a thousand years,
> Burst forth in one awful hour

and overwhelmed in indiscriminate destruction, both the tyrant and his victim, both the oppressor and the oppressed: when the despotic laws which tyranny had framed, and demagogueism had sustained, were trampled under foot, as well as more just and righteous enactments. Let us then hasten to be just; not only because it is our duty always to be just, but because it is the dictate of prudence: lest failing to do so, the fate of other governments may be ours; and that structure, which hypocrites and fools now fear may be destroyed by the breath of what they deem fanaticism, may, when grown to more gigantic proportions, be hurled to the dust by the millions of its infuriated victims, and bury beneath its crushing weight all who shall attempt to support it.

WALTER FARRINGTON.

Wappinger's Falls, Sep. 30, 1851.

Miscellaneous Items.

——THE LATEST CASE OF SOUTHERN FOLLY.—By the following which we find in the *Newbernian*, newspaper of Sept. 23d, it will be seen that our impetuous fellow-citizen, the Hon. Rodney French, did not ring the bell upon that celebrated Sunday morning for nothing, but that those loud peals which brought our own affrighted townsmen from their beds, filled even the sand-hills and dismal swamps of North Carolina with dire alarm. We condole with Mr. French upon the untoward fate of his schooner; and may express the hope that she may get out in spite of the great Outten, and be "lightered over the Swash" in defiance of regiments or swash bucklers.

MEETING OF THE CITIZENS OF NEWBERN.—It being made known to the citizens of the town of Newbern, that a vessel, the property of Rodney French, of Massachusetts, had arrived at our port, soliciting employment; a portion of the citizens of the town assembled in public meeting at the Court House, on the 17th September last.

When Matthew A. Outten was called to the Chair, and Wm. G. Bryan appointed Secretary. After the meeting was organized, the following preamble and resolutions were reported, read, and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, in the late attempt to reclaim fugitive slaves in the State of Massachusetts, which slaves had escaped from their lawful owners of the Southern States, Rodney French, a citizen of the town of New Bedford, in the aforesaid State of Massachusetts, was foremost in the lead of the opposition to the execution of the law under which slaves were claimed to be restored to their owners; and the said Rodney French did by his acts and public speeches endeavour to inflame and excite the Abolition party of his town to resist the execution of the law of the United States, and that in said speeches he called on the fugitive slaves and free negroes to arm themselves, and prevent the taking away of runaway slaves. And whereas, the said Rodney French has a vessel now in this port soliciting Southern men for employment, and in view of these facts we do.

Resolve, That we, the citizens of the town of Newbern, in meeting assembled, pledge ourselves to give the said Rodney French no support, no aid, no employment whereby he may receive one cent from us, a portion of the South, whom he has been so liberal in abuse of. And further, that all our exertions shall be used with our fellow-citizens to influence them from patronising the said vessel, so that she shall go away without a barrel of freight.

Resolved, That the masters and owners of lighters be requested not to lighter said vessel over the Swash.

Resolved, That the Intendant be requested to have the said vessel searched, and place a watch over her until she leaves the port.

Resolved, That our sister towns in this State be requested not to employ said vessel, or any other owned by said French, nor countenance any individual connected with said Rodney French in any way whatever.

Resolved, That to that portion of the North who have manifested a disposition to carry out in good faith the Fugitive Slave Law, we extend the hand of fellowship, and we shall always greet them with a hearty welcome.

Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to send a copy of these proceedings to Rodney French.

Resolved, That the *Newbernian*, *North State Whig*, *Republican and Patriot*, and Wilmington papers, be requested to publish these proceedings.—*Newbernian*, *Sept.* 22.

——MEETING OF THE COLOURED RESIDENTS OF NEW YORK.—An adjourned meeting of the coloured residents of this city, was held on Thursday evening of last week, at Terrence Hall, in Church-st., for the purpose of adopting the report of a Committee who were appointed at their last meeting, which was held on the evening of the 25th of September, for the purpose of reporting on the plan of organization, which would have for its object the amelioration of the present condition of the free coloured race.

Mr. E. G. Jones was called to the Chair, and proceeded to read the report, which was to the effect that the Committee, having carefully considered the importance of the duty which devolved on them, recommended the organization of an Association, properly officered and empowered, for the purpose of carrying out, in a judicious manner, the views of those desirous of emigrating; and that the members of the Association should, as the more speedy and effectual way of facilitating emigration and agricultural independence, contribute on their organization a sufficient sum to enable them at once to lay the subject before the humane public. That an agent, whose known integrity, industry, and judgment would secure him the confidence of all should be dispatched to the country that may be selected for their labours, and secure to emigrants arriving at the place of their destination comfortable quarters, together with sufficient provisions for one year's subsistence from the time of their debarkation, so as to enable them to pursue the even tenor of their vocation without hindrance. The report concluded by reminding those present of the fact, that emigration would sacrifice the innate love of the place of their nativity, only to the more noble boon of liberty and prosperity, and with the hope that the Committee, when organized would select a country that would give satisfaction to the coloured people at large.

The foregoing report was unanimously adopted; after which, Mr. Simons addressed the meeting to the effect that the question of emigration had been discussed for the last twenty-five years without any great movement having been made towards its accomplishment, and that twenty-five years more would roll away and no further progress would be made. The gentleman then, at some length, stated his views on the subject; to the end that the coloured people did not want to emigrate; that they had a right to remain in the United States, and would do so; that there was not a general disposition on the part of the free coloured people of the North to leave the land of their birth. Some other gentleman, who did not agree with the views of the last speaker, here addressed the meeting, when the following resolutions were offered by Mr. R. H. Van Dyne:

Resolved, That whereas, we, the free coloured people of the City of New York and the several States throughout the Union, have, for a long series of years, suffered from unjust and cruel prejudice from our white brethren in this and the several States, arising from difference of complexion and the degradation to which they have so wrongfully consigned us; and having every reason to believe from the present treatment we receive, that our condition in this country is daily becoming more and more critical, our presence more irksome and offensive to the whites, we do, after due consideration, deem it indispensably necessary to our future well-being, that some immediate and decisive action on our part be suggested, and wisely entered into. In consideration of the above grievances, we do hereby,

Resolve, That we form an Association for the propagation and encouragement of African Colonisation, and that said Association be known as the United African Republic Emigration Society, and the standard on which we hoist our ensign is the tree of liberty, and our motto—Equal, civil and religious rights to every man.

Resolved, That the duty of this Society shall be, to devise and forward all plans or means that shall tend to add to the benefit and importance of the object for which the association is formed—the increase of emigration and the speedy building up of the African Republic.

These resolutions having been put and adopted, the meeting adjourned to Thursday evening next.

——A SLAVEHOLDER'S VIEWS.—The following is an extract from the private letter of a Southern friend to the Editor of *The Tribune*:

* * * "Since you have heard from me, Liberty has retrograded in Europe, apparently. The disposition in slaveholders to hold on to slaves has increased. My eager ears have listened to hear of political movements favourable to the putting down of Slavery, but from that quarter I am almost left to despair. It is true, there are many bold and noble spirits that contend manfully on the side of Humanity; but the struggle is unequal.

"Deeply do I deplore the favour shown to the Fugitive Slave Law by the Ministers of the Gospel! Law-abiding people they ought to and should be—but they need not justify this law, instead of urging its repeal. If they knew what Slavery is, in all its details, I am sure they would not—except such as are interested in owning slaves; and for them I must exclaim, O how difficult to read their Bibles aright!

"Now, here comes the Cuban agitation. How many are coveting Cuba for the Extension of Slavery how many for self-aggrandizement: and how few for the pretended object of giving Liberty to the oppressed.

"You will marvel when I tell you that I am a slaveholder.

"My platform is: Education for Slaves, Gradual Emancipation by Colonisation and other means. * * *"

DEATHS.

SHEAFFE.—At Edinburgh, aged 88, Gen. Sir Robert Hale Sheaffe, Bart. He was born in Boston, Mass., and was the son of William Sheaffe, Esq., Collector of H. M. Customs, by Susannah, dam of Thos. Child, Esq. He entered the army in 1778, and after seeing much service, was second in command at the battle of Queenstown, Oct. 13, 1812. Succeeding to the command on the fall of General Brock, he repulsed and captured the American forces, and for this service was created a Baronet. He married, in 1810, Margaret, dam of John Coffin, Esq., of Quebec, and cousin of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin. His children having all predeceased him, his baronetcy is extinct.

LINGARD.—At Hornby, near Lancaster, Rev. John Lingard, D. D., the Catholic historian of England. He passed his life in the performance of the duties of a parish priest and the pursuits of literature. He was offered a Cardinal's Hat by Pope Leo XII., but refused it.

BARHAM.—At Brompton, near London, Caroline, relict of Rev. Richard Harris Barham, the author of the Ingoldsby Legends.

BERESFORD.—At Bedgebury Park, Kent, Louisa, Viscountess Beresford, better known twenty years since as the Hon. Mrs. Hope, then the wife of Thomas Hope, Esq., author of "Anastasius."

PEALE.—At Cincinnati, on Thursday last, Mr. Edmund Peale, formerly of Baltimore, and for a long time connected with the Baltimore and Philadelphia Museums.

MOORE.—Recently, in Cecil Co., Md., Nelly Moore, a coloured woman, aged about 130 years.

BATCHELLER.—In Marlboro', N. H., on the 14th inst., in the 52d year of her age, Mrs. Persis S., wife of Hon. James Batcheller. By this sudden death, the husband has lost a true and faithful wife, the children a kind and devoted mother, and society an honoured and useful member. Mrs. B. was an earnest advocate for, and a strenuous supporter of, all good and philanthropic reforms. Her opposition to Slavery, War, Intemperance, retaliatory and vindictive Punishments, was strong and uncompromising. With those Churches which uphold and apologize for these crimes, she had no sympathy. She had little faith in those forms of religion which make loud professions of piety a substitute for practical justice and universal good will to mankind. By precept and example, she taught the doctrine of a true Christian non-resistance. On her death bed, as in her previous life, she expressed her firm belief in Jesus Christ, and in those truths which he taught. She was a believer in the Fatherhood of God, and in the Brotherhood of man. In compliance with her expressed wish, her friends wore at her funeral no outward tokens of mourning; nevertheless, sorrow filled their hearts, that one so true and good should be removed, in full vigor of life, and in the midst of so much usefulness, to the unseen and spiritual world.—*Liberator.*

THE SIXTEENTH PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

THE Fair will be held in December. The Managers appointed by the Female Anti-Slavery Society invite all those who are interested in the great cause to which their labours are devoted, to aid them in their work.

The times call loudly upon us for faithful and efficient effort. Let us be zealous and untiring in our endeavours to arouse those over whom we may have influence enough to give us their aid.

Anna M. Hopper,
Emma Parker,
Janette Jackson,
Rebecca Plumly,
Maria M. Davis,
Emily W. Taylor,
Mary Grew,
Sarah A. M'Kim,
Sarah T. Child,
Anna M. Child,
Huldah Justice,
Sarah Pugh,
Harriet D. Purvis,
Elizabeth Carman,
Mary Shaw,
Sarah M. Douglass,
Margaret A. Griscom,
Margaret Jones,
Priscilla Lukens,
Hannah L. Stickney,
Mary T. Stickney,
Clementine G. Ruby,
Margaretta Forten,
Elizabeth Gay,
Elizabeth Davis,
A. Matilda Remond,
Gertrude K. Burleigh,
Sarah Tyndale,
Elizabeth Clendenin,
Abby Kimber,
Martha Kimber,
Evelina Suplee,
Esther Reckless.

Philadelphia, September, 1851.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION, TO BE HELD AT WORCESTER, OCTOBER 15th AND 16th, 1851.

IN accordance with a vote of the Women's Right Convention held in Worcester, Mass., on the 23d and 24th of October last, another Convention for the same objects will be held on the 15th and 16th of October next, in Worcester. We cordially invite all, both Men and Women, to meet at the appointed time and place, for the free and full discussion of this great question

The cause itself, affecting as it does the destiny of the race, takes the front rank in those Reform Movements which the progressive spirit of the age has called into being, and invites to its aid all who see and feel the wrongs which grow out of the false positions occupied by women, and who, having

> "No dread of what
> Is called for by the instinct of mankind,"

dare give to such a movement the sanction of their presence, and to embody in word and deed the thoughts and feelings which they must have who see that Woman, Socially, Civilly, Religiously and Educationally, occupies an unnatural and unworthy position. The work contemplated is no child's play. It wars directly with the thought, so deeply rooted and so hoary, that woman is only an appendage, and was an integral part in the fabric of human society. It is in full conflict with the world's teachers, its preachers, its lawyers, its poets and its painters. It stands opposed to those soul blighting usages of society which have consigned women to an aimless and objectless existence; and have baptized a life so unworthy as peculiarly fitting and graceful for woman.

Such are some of the circumstances. Come, then, to the Convention, prepared as thought meets thought to seize and *use* each new ray of light in dispelling the "gross darkness" that spreads everywhere relative to Woman's Rights, and duties which grow out of those rights.

Reports will be presented from the Committees appointed by the last Convention, on Education, Industrial Associations, Civil and Political Functions and Social Relations. It is very earnestly desired that the Committees should meet the evening previous to the opening of the Convention.

On behalf of the Central Committee,
P. W. DAVIS, President.
W. H. CHANNING, LUCY STONE, } Secretaries.

THE EIGHTEENTH NATIONAL

ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON, MASS., DURING THE CHRISTMAS WEEK OF 1851.

IN

Miscellany.

ABDICATION OF NAPOLEON.

"The sunshine of prosperity had set on the ancient chateau of Francis the First, and was about to rise in Paris with the dawn of another reign, and every one feared to be too late; for, to be suspected of too protracted a fidelity might become the crime of a whole life, and give a death blow to that ambition which they had no idea of abandoning, together with the Emperor. It was evident that Napoleon was about to become the public enemy, the guilty one, on whom was about to be heaped every description of abuse and disgrace; in short, the great proscribed of Europe and of France; and all trembled lest they should be included in this ostracism. The marshals, with the exception of Macdonald, set the example; and when the sword wavered, how could it be expected that the rest of the court should resist following? for it is not in the saloons of a master that souls become tempered, and characters hardened and proved. All that was wanting was a pretext to desert with decency, which Napoleon would not afford them by his obstinacy and vacillation; and the impatience to abandon was changed into anger at the stubbornness of their master. The courts, halls, corridors, and even the anti-chambers of the little apartments occupied by the Emperor, were filled with groups of his officers, dignitaries, and servants, who loudly descanted in terms of severity and contempt on his desperate struggle to reign; while the sound penetrated to the most retired part of Napoleon's apartments, like the voice of reproach, and seemed to increase in volume as each passing hour destroyed his last hopes. He was obliged, from time to time, to open the door, and, in a voice by turns imperious or severe, order his chamberlain in waiting to silence these muttered sounds of disaffection. Even those with whom he was most intimate, and to whom he confided his reverses and his thoughts, immediately reported them in the conversations of the palace, and thereby increased the general fears and discontents. Every one tried to impress upon his neighbour the urgent reason for flight which he entertained: so that the ingratitude, instead of being individual, might appear general, and already desertion was loudly and unblushingly spoken of. One party urged the uselessness of remaining in a palace now changed into a barrack, and about to become a prison; the others, the necessity of going to Paris, to protect their wives, mothers, or children, who were becoming alarmed. The latter showed letters from M. de Talleyrand or the senators, and the former suddenly recollected that their names belonged, in the first instance, to the ancient monarchy; and on its return to the Tuileries they could not think of being absent. All of them had certain affairs, interests, family concerns or duties of situation, which ought to outweigh the useless determination of sustaining a fallen soldier; and some of them being compromised as accomplices, thought it necessary to seek for pardon by evincing an inclination to betray, as a pledge of fresh fidelity to the rising power. At the doors of all the apartments, in the corridors, on the staircases and in the yards, preparations for departure were making without restraint; the greater part leaving without the ceremony of a farewell; while every now and then the noise of a carriage rolling through the courts of honour gave notice of another desertion. In the morning the palace was nearly empty, even the domestic household of the Emperor having absconded. If by chance he summoned any of the dignitaries of his court, the officers of his staff, or of his household, he was told that they were gone. A bitter smile and expression of cold disdain passed across his features at each fresh proof of the baseness of interested attachments, and he seemed to fortify himself with that contempt which he had ever professed for mankind, and which, at the same time, justified their personal degradation. He had never loved anything; but had violated every feeling; how, therefore, could he have any claim on the hearts or good feeling of his followers? He met with no sympathy even from those old domestic servants, who, in familiarity and long habit, frequently attach to the person rather than the station. Richard had his Blondel, and Louis XVI. his Cléry; but Napoleon had not even his Mameluke. His court had corrupted all. The soldiers alone, and those of his officers least honoured and distinguished, and furthest removed from his favour, showed themselves faithful to him to the last moment; proving that the camp had at least sustained their honour, while interest had corrupted the court."

* * * * * *

"When he had risen he called for Caulaincourt, whom he could hope to deceive less than any other: for this friend of his latter days had been confidentially charged by himself to prepare these conditions which he had affected to reject so haughtily.

"'Now hasten to the conclusion of all,' he said to him; 'put this treaty, when I shall have signed it, into the hands of the allied sovereigns: let them know that I treat with them and not with the provisional government, in which I can see nothing but traitors and factionists!'

"Macdonald and Ney having entered, he took the pen and signed. His features bore traces of the disquietude of the night, and of the real or pretended agitation of his mind. His forehead, concealed in his hands, was bent downwards: but he rose to thank Macdonald, who owed him least, and had done the most for him. By his bearing towards Macdonald he nobly avenged for the ungrateful rudeness or the rapid hurry of desertion of the others. 'Marshal,' he said, 'I am no longer rich enough to recompense your last and faithful services. I have been deceived as to your sentiments towards me.' 'Sire,' replied Macdonald, with the generosity of a great soul, 'I have forgotten everything since 1809.' 'That is true—I know it,' added the Emperor; 'but since I can no longer recompense you according to the wish of my heart, I wish at least to leave you a *souvenir* of me, which shall remind yourself of what you were in these days of trial. Caulaincourt,' he said, turning towards his confidential officer, 'ask for the sabre that was given to me in Egypt, by Mourad-Bey, and which I wore at the battle of Mount Tabor.' The Oriental weapon being brought, Napoleon, handing it to the marshal, 'There,' said he, 'is the only reward of your attachment that I have to give you. You were my friend!' 'Sire,' replied the brave soldier, pressing the weapon to his heart, 'I shall preserve it all my life, and if I should ever have a son, it will be his most precious inheritance.' 'Give me your hand,' murmured Napoleon, 'and let us embrace!' The Emperor and his general embraced each other, and tears stood in the eyes of both as they parted.

"The signing of the treaty by Napoleon was the signal through the palace for almost universal desertion. Every one now began to think only of making his peace with the new government. All hastened to fly; every one dreaded that the Emperor would include his name amongst those whose fidelity he would invoke to accompany him in his exile. Murat alone, of all his old ministers, remained at his post, as secretary of state, with his master, now without power and without a court.

"After Macdonald and Caulaincourt had taken the treaty signed to Paris, the allied sovereigns each appointed a commissioner to accompany the Emperor through France to the port on the Mediterranean. Schouwolof for Russia, Koller for Austria, Campbell for England, Valdebourg Fruchssefs for Prussia, formed the court of the exile, charged to superintend, to serve, and to honour the proscribed of Europe. The irritation of the south of France was such at that time, against Napoleon, that he required a safeguard amongst his own subjects. In the departments of the centre and the east, on the contrary, his presence might awaken military enthusiasm, and give a chief to insurrection and the independence of the country. From these two considerations, the escort of the commissioners, and of an imposing armed force, was necessary to the sovereigns and to Napoleon himself. His death would have been the crime of Europe; his evasion and his call to arms would have been the renewal of a war without grandeur, but not without calamities.

"Caulaincourt preceded, by a few hours, the arrival of the four commissioners at Fontainebleau, to prepare the Emperor to receive this foreign court. The palace already resembled a tomb: silence and vacuity reigned in the courts and in the halls. Here and there only, some groups of soldiers, less habituated to the spectacle of vicissisudes, and less used to human compassion, wandered round the walls and round the gardens of the palace, endeavouring to catch a glimpse, through the balustrades of the parterres and the balconies, of the fugitive form of their general, to comfort him with an acclamation. The Emperor appeared and disappeared alternately; he gave no sign of encouragement, nor even of attention to these groups and their cries; he seemed totally absorbed in himself: his body and his mind were equally devoid of rest.

"With measured step, and slow, followed by the guard and by his friends, he passed through the long gallery of Francis I. He stood for a moment on the landing of the grand staircase, and looked around on the troops drawn up in the court of the guard of honour, and on the innumerable multitudes from the surrounding country, which had assembled to witness this grand historical event, that they might recount it to their children. What contending feelings agitated the breasts of that vast crowd, in which there were more accusers than defenders! But the greatness of the fall in some, the sorrow for misfortune in others, a regard to decorum in all, produced an universal silence. Insult at such a moment would have been cowardly—the cries of 'Vive l'Empereur' a mockery. The soldiers themselves experienced a feeling too solemn, of too religious an awe, to think of acclamation; they felt a deep sense of honour in their consciousness of fidelity even in adverse of fortune, and felt that now the sun of their glory was about to set, and with their chief to sink for ever behind the trees of the forest, and the waters of the Mediterranean.

"They envied the lot of those of their comrades whom fate or choice had favoured by allowing them to be the companions of their Exiled Emperor. Their heads were bowed low, their looks mournful, and tears rolled down the furrowed cheeks of the warriors. Had the drums been covered with crape, it would have appeared like an army performing the obsequies of their general. Napoleon, after casting a martial and penetrating glance at his battalions and squadrons, had in his countenance an expression of tender regard unusual for him. What days of battle, of glory, and of power did not the sight of that army call to his mind? Where now were they who had composed it, when it traversed with him the continents of Europe, Africa, and Asia? How many now remained of those millions in the remnant before his eyes? And yet those few were faithful; and he was going to leave them for ever. The army was himself. When he should no longer behold it, what would he be? He owed all to the sword, and with the sword he had lost all. He hesitated a moment before descending, and seemed as if about to re-enter the palace mechanically.

"He rallied, however, and recovering himself descended the stairs to approach his soldiers. The drums beat the salute. With a gesture he imposed silence, and, advancing in front of the battalions, he made a sign that he wished to speak. The drums ceased, the arms were still; and the almost breathless silence allowed his voice, re-echoed by the high walls of the palace, to be heard to the remotest ranks.

"'Officers, subalterns, and soldiers of my old guard,' he said, 'I bid you farewell. For five-and-twenty years have I ever found you walking in the path of honour and of glory. In these latter times, as in those of our prosperity, you have never ceased to be models of fidelity and of bravery.

"'With men such as you, our cause would not have been lost; but the war was interminable; it might have been a civil war, and then it would have been worse for France. I have therefore sacrificed our interests to those of the country. I leave you . . . . . do you, my friends, continue to serve France; her honour was my only thought; it shall ever be the object of my most fervent prayers.

"'Grieve not for my lot! If I have consented to outlive myself, it is with the hope of still promoting your glory. I trust to write the deeds we have achieved together. . . . . Adieu, my children; I would fain embrace you all. . . . . Let me at least embrace you, general and your colours!'

"At these words the soldiers were deeply affected; a shudder ran through the ranks, and their arms quivered. General Petit, who commanded the old guard in the absence of the marshals—a man of martial bearing but sensitive feelings—at a second signal from Napoleon advanced between the ranks of the soldiers and their Emperor. Napoleon embraced him for a long time, and the two chieftans sobbed aloud. At this spectacle one stifled sob was heard through all the ranks. Grenadiers brushed away the tear from their eyes with their left hands. 'Bring me the eagles,' resumed the Emperor, who desired to imprint upon his heart and on these standards the memory of Cæsar. Some grenadiers advanced, bearing before him the eagles of the regiment. He grasped these trophies so dear to the soldier; he pressed them to his breast, and placing his lips to them, exclaimed, in a manly but broken accent, 'Dear eagle, may this last embrace vibrate for ever in the hearts of all my faithful soldiers!'

"'Farewell again, my old companions, farewell!' The whole army burst into tears, and the only reply was one long-continued groan.

"An open carriage, in which General Bertrand awaited his master and friend, received the Emperor, who hurried in, and covered his eyes with both his hands. The carriage rolled away towards the first stage of Napoleon's exile."—*Lamartine's Restoration of Monarchy in France.*

THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.

Some years ago, among the effects of a deceased bookseller on which the Attic dust had been gathering in regular strata for half a century, we happened to spy a little bundle of New England Primers, tied loosely together with a moth-eaten string. Not Archimedes springing from the bath, nor California *hombre* ever shouted "Eureka," in greater glee.—There was something quite as pleasant as in the solution of a problem in mathamatics, quite as valuable for the time being, as any of the dust of ass-eared Midas. Bound in boards, (literally so) sheep skin back, cover blue as the blue laws,—"In Adam's fall we sinned all," "John Rogers"—surely this is the veritable book our antiquarian eyes have been seeking but in vain. Instantly the York shillings were forthcoming, and the prize was our own. We considered ourselves the happy possessor of a regular, genuine *bona fide*, Simon Pure, New England Primer As such, we exhibited it to some of our literary friends; five of the copies were thus distributed also, assuring the thankful recipient thereof, that the famous gallery of alphabetical pictures must undoubtedly have been taken from the original blocks. Recently, however, and somewhat to our chagrin, we have made another discovery, viz: that we are most egregiously mistaken. That edition of the Primer, compared with an earlier one, is little better than a wooden nutmeg. The "Imprimatur" for it, never should have been allowed by "Act of Congress."

The gentleman to whom we are so much indebted for opening our eyes in this matter, is Mr. Ira Webster, of Hartford. To each of the thousand graduates of Yale, and sister institutions, present at the third semi-centennial celebration at New Haven, Aug. 14, 1850, he has recently sent by mail a perfect fac-simile of the oldest copy of the Primer of which we now have any knowledge. No other complete and correct edition has been printed for more than fifty years. "All other reprints," says Mr. Livermore, "have been completely altered—*modernized*—from the original," and like most such alterations, we might add, much more for the worse than the better. For example, the last genuine edition of 1777, contains as a frontispiece an effigy of "The Honourable John Hancock, Esq., President of the American Congress," whether *vera* or not is another matter. The frontispiece of the later edition, printed by James Loring, is the picture of a little boy and a little girl, kneeling down back to back, and saying their prayers *out of a book*. Both for political and other reasons, we would much prefer that the man "whose signature could be seen across the Atlantic, and who presided over the revolutionary Congress, should still continue to preside over the American primer in the course of its progress to remote posterity. If the boldness of his signature makes us think now, as the length of his purse made others think *then*, more highly perhaps than we ought to think of him in comparison with other signers, the effigy aforesaid was an honor to which as an inhabitant of Boston he was justly entitled, and consequently one of which he was very unjustly deprived. This modernizing process has been carried on to an extent than can scarcely be credited, except as it is seen in actual comparison. We can almost imagine that there must have been such conversation as the following between the publisher of the wooden nutmeg edition and his man of all work, as they were about getting up a "new and *popular* edition" of the New England Primer.

"To be sure," says the former, "we must retain the 'Shorter Catechism,' or it will be no primer at all. We must have the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments; and Dr. Watts' cradle hymn; and the 'alphabet of lessons for youth," and the burning af John Rogers." But then we can leave out the other catechism or 'Spiritual milk for *American* Babes, drawn out of the Breasts of both *Testaments* for their soul's Nourishment, by John Cotton,' which occupies ten pages. We can leave out the poetical 'Dialogue *between* Christ, Youth *and* The Devil,' which occupies nine pages more. People wont miss poetry. We can leave out also the long 'advice of John Rogers to his children,' which occupies six pages. While we are about it too we might as well leave out the Creed;' part of the verses for children; the 'list of proper names of Men and Women, to teach children to spell their own; and Mr. Nathaniel Clapp's 'advice to children.'

"Very well," says the man of all work, "it shall be done." "But," continued the publisher, "I am not altogether satisfied with the rhyming alphabet; to make it popular, we must modernize it, it is too serious. A. 'In Adam's fall, we sinned all.' We'll let that stand, only in the picture we have Adam and Eve on the same side of the tree. B. 'Heaven to find the Bible mind.' After that, 'Thy life to mend God's book attend!' C. 'Christ crucified, for sinners died.' That's a gloomy picture and there are some who wont like the sentiment. Alter that. 'The Cat doth play, and after slay." Very good, that will please the children. D. 'The Deluge drowned the earth around.' Some folks don't believe in a universal deluge. Alter that, 'A Dog will bite a thief at night.' E. Elijah hid, by ravens fed.' There's a miracle about that, give us something else. 'The Eagle's flight is out of sight.' Good. F. 'The judgment made Felix afraid.' Too much theology. 'The idle Fool is whipped at School.' Very well. G. 'As runs the Glass, man's life doth pass.' H. 'My book and Heart shall never part.' J. Job feels the rod, yet blesses God.' K. 'Proud Korah's troop was swallowed up.' Let them stand. L. 'Lot fled to Zoar, saw fiery shower on *Sodom* pour.' Change this. 'The Lion bold, the Lamb doth hold.' M. 'Moses was he who Israel's host led through the sea.' Too much Bible. 'The Moon gives light in time of night. N. 'Noah did view the old world and new.' Alter. 'Nightingales sing in time of Spring.' O. 'Young Obadias, David, Josias, all were pious. Alter again. 'The royal Oak, it was the tree that saved his royal majesty.' Quite a flourish that! P. 'Peter denied his Lord and cry'd.' Q. 'Queen Esther sues and saves the Jews.' Try another flourish. 'Queen Esther comes in royal state to save the Jews from dismal fate.' R. 'Young pious Ruth left all for truth.' Try your hand once more. 'Rachel doth mourn for her first born.' S. 'Young Samuel dear, the Lord did fear.' 'Samuel anoints whom God appoints.'—T. 'Young Timothy learned sin to fly.' 'Time cuts down all, both great and small.' V. 'Vashti for pride was set aside.' U. 'Uriah's beauteous wife made David seek his life.' W. 'Whales in the sea, God's voice obey.' X. 'Xerxes did die, and so must I. 'Xerxes the great did die, and so must you and I.' Y. 'While Youth do cheer, death may be near.'—'Youth forward slips death soonest nips.' Z. 'Zaccheus he, did climb the tree, his Lord to see."

In some such way as this we may well suppose that the original alphabet was so miserably altered. Every rhyme in the edition of 1777 has a meaning, too. It is simple and appropriate; liable to no ridicule, to no exception; which is more than we can say of some of the rhymes and pictures of the nutmeg edition. Many thanks to Mr. Webster for bringing back the true reading of the text. Many thanks to him for enabling some of those who in early days studied the primer, to settle their long continued controversies, as to what it really did teach And most thanks of all to him for enabling us to decide by actual inspection of the "cut" that the "nine small children" of John Rogers, "and one at the breast," means *ten* in all. The nutmeg edition only gives him nine.—*Newark Sentinel.*

SCIENCE AT SEA.

It is impossible for any sea to affect me. The boat may be "lively," the waves "chopping," and the most adipose of mutton-chops may be presented to me when we are in mid Channel. I and the steward have parted company for ever. The deck may be oblique, perpendicular, and wet; water may pour down the cabin-stairs, and the vessel may shudder in the troughs of the sea, yet shall I serenely smoke my Havannah, peacefully watch the swoop of the sea-gull, and observe the land growing from the distance. Therefore shall I invest myself in the acknowledged nautical fashion. I am no longer one of those ignoble travellers whom seamen sagaciously warn to windward. I shall certainly not dine before land is out of sight. What so delicious as a snug dinner at sea!—what so droll and amusing as a dancing dinner-table! I have learned "A White Sheet and Flowing Sail," and feel certain that I shall be able to sing that eminently nautical duty as steadily and vociferously in a "whole gale" off the North Foreland, as I now do at the piano-forte of my sweet little cousin and accompanist.

How have I acquired this sudden affection for nautical habiliments; this enviable defiance of the rolling waves, and the rolling, pitching steamer? How? I owe it to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and to the French Academy of Sciences. I owe it to Monsieur M. J. Curie, who in the *Comptes Rendus* has explained that seasickness arises from the upward and downward movements of the diaphragm acting on the nerves of the brain in an unusual manner. I owe it especially to the cure he recommends:—he instructs me to draw in my breath as the vessel descends, and to exhale it when the vessel ascends each billow—to keep in exact time and tune with the sea and the ship. Such is my first lesson; my second, I derive from the paper of Mr. J. Atkinson, read before the British Association at its last meeting. The gentleman declares, that the chief reason of sea-sickness is because one's motions on board of ship, instead of being voluntary, are involuntary. Swinging and riding in a carriage often produce nausea, because the body, he says, is made to move about in spite of itself; while the voluntary operations performed by mechanics and labourers, involving the same kind of movements of the diaphragm, do not cause similar unpleasant results. If, then, we can introduce the voluntary system afloat, we shall obviate the most detestable incident of a sea voyage. Let, instructs Mr. Atkinson, a person on shipboard, when the vessel is bounding over the waves, seat himself, and take hold of a tumbler nearly filled with water or other liquid, and at the same time make an effort to prevent the liquid from running over, by keeping the mouth of the glass horizontal, or nearly so. When doing this, from the motion of the vessel, his hand and arm will seem to be drawn into different positions, as if the glass were attracted by a powerful magnet. Continuing his efforts to keep the mouth of the glass horizontal, let him allow his hand, arm, and body to go through the various movements—as those observed in sawing, planing, pumping, throwing a quoit &c.—which they will be impelled, without fatigue, almost irresistably to perform; and he will find that this has the effect of preventing the giddiness and nausea that the rolling and tossing of the vessel have a tendency to produce, in experienced voyagers. If the person is suffering from sickness at the commencement of his experiment, as soon as he grasps the glass of liquid in his hand, and suffers his arm to take its course, and go through the prescribed movements, he feels as if he were performing them of his own free will: the nausea abates immediately, very soon ceases entirely, and does not return so long as he suffers his arm and body to assume the postures into which they *seem* to be drawn. Should he, however, resist the free course of his hand, he instantly feels a thrill of pain of a peculiarly stunning kind shoot through his head, and experiences a sense of dizziness and returning nausea.

"The reading of this paper," says the report of it, "caused a short discussion on the nature of seasickness; and some of the members proimsed to give it an early trial."

Permit me modestly to state that I was one of the number who performed this promise.

Behold me on board. We are steaming down the river in gallant style. There is a fresh but gusty wind. I and the man at the helm have agreed that it will be smart work in the Channel. All the better. The boat behaves well in a rough sea, I should think. Dear me! we are only half a mile beyond the Nore, and the ladies begin to make precipitate retreats into the cabin. It is time to look after my soul-wester; for ahead I see the crisp waves with fringes of foam—a sure sign of a chopping sea. Now, the vessel heaves a little. Now, she shakes and recovers herself, ashamed of being disturbed by a wave so insignificant. The flag at the mast-head stands out as stiff as a board. The men are closing the ports. I *thought* it was time to set that sail. Her head dips now, decidedly. That Frenchman has thrown his cigar overboard; I thought he would. Pshaw! brandy-and water already! What a pale and consumptive set of passengers we have on board! They must be excursionists from the Hospital for Consumption. A lady in a pink bonnet implores me to see her down the cabin-stairs. My head is very bad; the voyage will do me good, decidedly. I am very awkward with the pink bonnet. How she stumbles! She begs my pardon—she thought I was a sailor. She is quite right; I *am* thoroughly "shipshape;" but my arm is weak and I find it difficult to hold her. That weak ankle of mine begins to trouble me; how I stumble! It is as well to take up my position near the helmsman, and prove myself a sailor. Now, the vessel dips; I must draw in my breath. Now, she rises; I must exhale it. The helmsman wants to know what I am about, and calls my attention to "a brig that is behaving capitally to wind'ard;" but our vessel dips again, and again I must draw in my breath: she rises, and again I must exhale it.

Monsieur Curie is quite right; the upward and downward movements of the diaphragm act on the phrenetic nerves in an unusual manner. Yet I feel that I must take care of myself, least I belie the anchors on my buttons. I think it would have been better to put to sea in a less noticeable costume. She dips again. Again I draw in my breath. She rises; once more I eject every "waff" of breath out of my lungs. Now, she has settled into the trough of the sea, and I begin a survey of the brig. We rise and sink to a terrible depth all in a minute, and I exhale my breath as we go down. That is decidedly a mistake. Our ship is too fast, and I cannot keep time. My constitutional giddiness—that giddiness which has never left me many hours from my early childhood—is returning to me. Again, we descend, and again I exhale my breath, instead of drawing it in. The helmsman assures me that there is no danger. Who said there was? Who talked about danger? Why did he wear that sardonic smile? Am I not manfully trying the first part of "A White Sheet and a Flowing Sail?" though I am, I own, in such bad voice, that I cannot get on with it. Can it be? Yes. *I am* holding the seat with both hands. I hope I don't look frightened. Here is the steward. Dinner is ready. Very well. Who cares! Will I walk down? I think it is too early to dine, but will take a snack presently, if the steward will oblige me with a glass of water at once. Why did he laugh as he left me? There is nothing extraordinary in the request; it is not unusual to drink water. How does he know that I am not a teetotaller? It would be easy enough to have the laugh of *him*. He is not a scientific man. He couldn't distinguish the diaphragm from the phrenetic nerves. How is it possible to prove to him that I cannot be effected by the tossing of the vessel: how can I demonstrate to him that my present paleness is *not* the natural effect of the sea upon my nerves, but the deserved result of my carelessness?

The cruel eye of the helmsman is upon me; I have evidently fallen sixty per cent in his estimation. I dare say he feels inclined to tear my anchor buttons from my jacket, and to pluck my sou'-wester from my ignoble head. I wish the steward would come with that water. The captain is approaching. *He* looks civil enough. He wants to know whether I had not better sit on the other side, with my face to the sea, and the wind at my back. What does he mean? I think I cut him short:—he will not open his mouth to me again. Here comes the steward with the water:—now it will be my turn to laugh. He waits for the glass: he can't have it. I am not going to drink the water; I want it for a scientific purpose. Let me grasp it firmly, and endeavouring to prevent the liquid from running over by keeping the mouth of the glass as nearly horizontal as possible. Now, it nearly touches the deck—now my face is reclining upon a coil of rope to my right—now, my arm is working to and fro—now, I dash it forward—now, I have it before the compass-box. I feel decidedly better, but at the expense of a performance, not unlike that of a person labouring under a severe attack of St. Vitus's dance. Now, the vessel descends tumultusuely, and I throw myself almost on my back—now, she is climbing a very steep billow, and my nose threatens to test the smoothness of the deck. That helmsman is convulsed with laughter; but the recollection that Mr. J. Atkinson believes that the stomach is primarily affected through the cerebral mass, rather than through a disturbance of the thoracic and abdominal viscera, and that the involuntary motion communicated to the body by the rolling and tossing of the vessel is, by the means he adopts, apparently converted into voluntary motion—the recollection of this, nerves me to continue my novel performance. My giddiness is gone—forgotten in the concentrated attention given to the tumbler. As yet I have not spilt a drop of the liquid. This is decidedly a triumph.

This rolling is a bore. The wildness of my motions will attract general attention. A man near me wants to know why I don't drink the water at once:—he says I have had a thousand opportunities, and that I am making myself ridiculous. But it is too late to expostulate. The tumbler has now assumed the power of a magnet, and draws my nose after it wherever it pleases. Roll I must, with the glass. My eyes are rivetted upon it; my body follows it, now to the deck, now towards the stearsman, and now I lie upon my side wild staring at it but not a drop of the water has touched the deck. This is warm work, however. We shall be five hours before we make the port. For five hours, then, must my eyes be fixed upon the tumbler—for five hours must I roll about like a drunkard; for I am informed that, should I resist the free course of my arm and body, I shall instantly feel "a thrill of pain of a peculiarly stunning kind" shot through my head, and have a return of dizziness and nausea. Saw, dive, rock, and plunge, I must, then, without a momentary intermission, during five long hours. At the expense of these gigantic labours, only, can I purchase a sailor's reputation; and after all I shall be regarded as a very eccentric seaman—as one not altogether right about the head. Any torture, however, is to be preferred to the sarcasms of that dreadful man at the helm, and that grinning steward. I feel very tired, though: I am in a glowing heat. I begin to feel that I shall never be able to drink a glass of water again. I begin to regard the tumbler as my personal enemy, and feel an almost irresistible inclination to dash it down upon the deck. Here comes that steward. He wants the glass; it is impossible to do without it. I swing about; I am sawing the air with it—now I nearly dash the entire contents of it into his face. Will I drink the water, and give up the glass? I tell him to be gone—that I shall require the use of the tumbler till we reach our destination: whereupon he seizes my hand and removes my enemy. I stagger, and allow that Mr. Atkinson is right; I do feel a pain "of a peculiarly stunning kind" in my head. Large black spots float before me; the steward becomes a dim monster: voices that are growling near me, sound as from a great distance. I make a plunge, rub my eyes hard, spasmodically drag down my waistcoat, shake back my hair, draw my cap firmly upon my head, and make an attempt to walk.

A few more ignominious moments, and the steward claims me as his own.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

THE SHAKERS AT LEBANON.

The first impression made by the Shakers as you enter their great hall at Lebanon, is that of a ghastly dance of death. The pallid, worn ghosts, in their bleached grave clothes, have taken up their grim orgies on earth, and with rigid muscles and cold lacklustre eye are performing their cramped revolutions. This certain feeling of terror is succeeded afterwards by disgust as the machinery is a little looked into.—But to give our experiences as they occurred. It was a cool bright Sunday morning among the hills Taconic, as we rode across the Hancock mountain, from Pittsfield to the Shaker settlement of that name Heavy summer rains on the previous day had refreshed the vegetation and hardened the usually excellent roads of the region. The cleanly shaved edges of the upland meadows, as they touched the woodland, gave token of the approach to the Hancock Village, for the Shakers are excellent farmers and their fields are nicely groomed. By neat fences and through avenues of shady roadside trees, you approach the variegated houses, red and yellow, rising many stories in height and not unpicturesquely gathered together at regular angles. There is the great circular stone barn, with the huge haymow in the centre and the numerous stalls where the cattle, each with head toward the great king post, are fed through the cold months of winter. A stone pathway on which you pass a simple dial plate, leads between two groups of houses. Near by, on the opposite side of the road, is the religious house where the services are held of the several families. We found it closed, the brethren, it was said, being off to a meeting on the mountain. This out of door worship is sometimes accompanied by strange fits of enthusiasm. One winter lately the devil was hunted by the Shakers on one of their mountains in solemn procession over the snow drifts. It was satisfactory to learn at that time that he was fairly cornered in the shape of a varmint and was buried with appropriate zeal behind the barn. When you get hold of the devil pin him down. It was a circumstance which created great doubt in the mind of old Dr. Thomas Fuller of the piety of Saint Dustan, that when, as is well known to all lovers of legend, he had hold of his majesty's nose with a pincers he should let it go again.

Three miles farther on is the scattered settlement of the Shakers at Lebanon. Descending upon it from a hill side, groups of carriages were drawn up at the great meeting-house, stages, coaches, light wagons, and others of more city pretence from the fashionable haunts of the neighbouring watering place. With light airy building before them shining with its rounded tin roof in the pure atmosphere, the whole had the gay appearance, with the bustle of the grooms and horses, of a fair or race course. A left hand entrance, past a narrow yard of grass is briefly labelled "Males;" the corresponding doorway being as economically marked "Females." Entering by the former we found ourselves among groups of city faces and fashionable costume ranged, standing or on benches, the whole length of the edifice. In the middle of the hall, under a vast rounded sounding board, suspended from the ceiling, stood a preacher, a grim, spectral, cold-eyed piece of human timber, boarded up to the ears in a long unwrinkled drab coat. He was in the midst of an exposition addressed to his fashionable audience, which for pathos and cool ignorant impudence exceeded any address it had ever been our fortune to listen to. It was a polite recommendation to the fat, comfortable, happy-looking people in front of him to break up their families, leave their wives or husbands, parents or children, and join the saints of the Millenium which had already begun on earth, the miserable looking, squeaking, jumping beings behind him on the benches, marked with every grade of feebleness and imbecility (with here and there a good face) being its angelic first fruits. Marriage he denounced as belonging to the "natural" man, forgetting that in this division he left himself and his brother celibates to the ranks of the "unnatural." His textual logic seemed a farcical quiz on some of the old Puritan verse-splitting theology. After an enumeration of the various meals which might be eaten in the course of the day, laid down with a confident and dignified assertion, he reminded the company of the persons invited to the supper in the New Testament parable. Several of them had made excuse, one of them had bought a piece of land, another a yoke of oxen, till it came to the man who had married a wife, who asked for no excuse at all, but said simply he couldn't come. "And why? because there there was no excuse to be made. It was out of the question. Had there been any he would have asked for it—thus showing, conclusively, that this condition was utterly incompatible with those heavenly relations?" The millennium, in the Shaker view of it, appears a device to put an end to the world by depopulating it of the good and virtuous. The "calm goblin" then had a shy at the Scarlet lady of Babylon; and by a natural force of logic of his own (slightly at war with physiological experience) went on to condemnation of her daughters—whom he pronounced to be the church of England and the Protestant sects. After some other vulgarities the performance shifted to a song and a dance. The vocal music had a strong infusion of saw-filing, and the dancing looked hugely like a procession of rheumatic kangaroos. It was a promenade all around in two circles, the adults of both sexes following one another in the outer, and the children (for children they get possession of, like the supernatural hags of old) in the inner, about the vocal group which may be spoken of as the quire for the occasion. The tunes were, some of them, lively and Yankee-doodleish. It was a good business-like trot, with a singular motion of the hands, much like a groceryman "hefting" imaginary pounds of butter. As one tune was finished another began, and on went the dance of death.

The hall in which this was going on was a large airy structure with green blinds, a floor which would be the despair of a holy-stoning commodore on the decks of his pet frigate, and a general air of comfort. Several openings in the upper part of the end walls filled with blinds, apparently acting as ventilators, are understood to be private windows for the benefit of the elders to survey in retirement what they please of the proceedings of the Millennial Church below.

The leading personages, of *both sexes*, it is said, live in sacred privacy in the attics of these meeting-house buildings.

Much of the ludicrous in this exhibition depends upon the outer garments. Imbecility looks exceedingly imbecile in a down shelving shirt collar twiddling its thumbs. One individual had a very stagy look, a counterfeit presentment of that excellent actor, Mr. Blake, of Burton's company—in full undress costume of the time of George III. It is possible, by the way, that the changes of fashion may return to this antiquated dress (which *was* fashionable when the shakers adopted it) when the exhibition may lose something of its interest. Just now there is a peculiar hitch of the long garment, between the shoulders of beauty, which is fascinating—to the lovers of the distorted.

The dance was somewhat monotonous, and the audience, who could converse under cover of the jargon going on, expressed opinions freely. "A slow business; they don't seem to be well worked up to-day—small chance for the whirling gifts." This was said by a connoisseur among the spectators, who looked at the whole affair very much as an amateur at a cock-pit.

The old and infirm are pitiable enough in such mummeries, for old age should have quite another homestead, adorned by the elegancies and refinements of life, but for the young and the few beautiful persons in the company, the exhibition was profoundly melancholy. You have no business, Messrs. Elders, with youth and beauty, though your grim abodes may be something between a prison and a hospital for the weak and criminal.

The exhibition ended, at last, and the company hurried to their carriages, the Shakers falling into column on their way to the "houses."

It is to be regretted that Mr. Dickens, on his visit to Lebanon, was unable to witness this ceremony. What he did see at the "office" he has left on record, but the world's people at that time were doing penance by a year's exclusion from the interior for some past misdemeanours, and he could not enter. He sums up a pretty fair account of them from hearsay, but bears his testimony to the spirit of the institution in deservedly condemnatory language: "I do abhor," says he, "and from my soul detest that bad spirit, no matter by what class or sect it may be entertained, which would strip life of its healthful graces, rob youth of its innocent pleasures, pluck from maturity and age their pleasant ornaments, and make existence but a narrow path towards the grave; that odious spirit which, if it could have had full scope and sway upon the earth, must have blasted and made barren the imaginations of the greatest men, and left them, in their power of raising up enduring images before their fellow creatures yet unborn no better than the beasts: that in these very broad-brimmed hats and very sombre coats—in stiff-necked solemn-visaged piety, in short, no matter what its garb, whether it have cropped hair as in a Shaker village, or long nails as in a Hindoo temple—I recognise the worst among the enemies of Heaven and Earth, who turn the water at the marriage feast of this poor world, not into wine, but gall."

The spiritual condition of the Shakers appears to be a junction of extremes—utter negations with old fashioned monkery. It arises with that ancient notion of a portion of the church that the body is wholly corrupt, and that good men should live a life of pure spirit. Hence, ascetic monasticism and intemperance in the name of temperance. It is hardly to be supposed, though, that the sect, notwithstanding an occasional "vision" of the old women, and its grim mountebankery, is sustained by its religious creed. It is probably held together as a low type of associated industry. Labour alone makes it endurable for the individual or the body. It supplies to man what he most seeks, a routine of healthy work, and when the work is done there is the passion of hoarding the profits, which will shine in a miser half an hour before the death he is consciously awaiting, and find its satisfaction in swelling the coffers or adding to the acres of soufless Shakerdom.

Visions, however, of a kind of dyspeptic spirituality, the more susceptible of the sisterhood occasionally entertain, showing a blind, amorphous religious life. Their books, such as they are, contain wild legendary absurdities—of which Mormonism, so decidedly opposed to the sexual tenets of the Shakers, but not unlike, in many features of ignorant fanaticism and pursuit of temporal ends, contains exaggerated parallisms.

We have heard of a miracle, an Irish bull of a miracle, of the sect, told of Ann Lee, their distinguished divinity, as occurring on her voyage to this country. A wild storm had arisen, and, in despair, the sailors had abandoned their duty. Ann Lee had an opportune vision. She sees the ship in safety, after its perils, and communicates the fact to the crew. They all take new courage, return to their duty and—marvellous to relate—the ship *is* saved.

The Shaker life, repulsive enough in many of its manifestations, the ignorance of the sect, their denial of art and refinement, the blight of the soul under their paralyzed moral and social system, has yet its kindly features. Action is so manifold in the world that from good everywhere springs evil and from evil good. The mass is inextricably intermingled, so while the best man on earth may safely acknowledge that he may do much evil, it may be said of the evil that good is wrought by it. Light does not always reach us in one pure, unbroken ray.

"The Shakers form a community of associated industry where, at least, the first rude wants of life—pure air, cleanliness, and a sufficiency of food are provided for. Their homes are, to this extent, a refuge for the harassed and destitute. Many disappointed broken down men turn in thither from the buffets of the world and the irresolution of their uncontrolled passions—a safe haven and anchorage for the wreck of a troubled life. The more obvious moralities of life seem to be observed by them with faithfulness. They are honest, sober and industrious. There is a thoroughness of labour in many of their works which commands respect. Slovenly workmanship is a gross practical lie running through the world. The Shakers, limited in the extent of their manufactures, offer the best of the kind. The covers of their boxes fit, their brooms sweep, their packets of herbs are approved by the physicians, the products of their farms and dairies are sound and wholesome. This, with the fair and exact culture of their land, is a virtue before the world. Dealing simply with nature in their relations as agriculturalists, in spite of constraint and their barren culture, beauty waits upon them. Their brimming water fountains by the road side, for man and beast, the cleanliness and order of their farm-yards and meadows, a certain grandeur (of a limited character) in their huge dwellings, the mountain simplicity of their retirement, are tributes to the spirit of Art. Enter their dwellings, and the floors and door mouldings of the native pine